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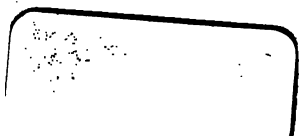
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MARMION.



MARSHTON

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIMES

BY

J. MARSHTON

LONDON

1841



LONDON

1841

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN MARSHTON, 25, NEW GATE



MARMION

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD

BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT



"Drink weary pilgrim drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey
Who built this cross and well."

page 178

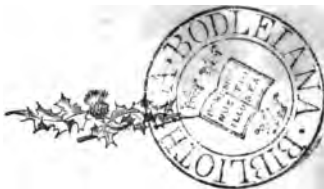
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MARMION:
TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.



LONDON:
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1871.

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Advertisement.

It is hardly to be expected that an author, whom the public has honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the author of "Marmion" must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character, but is called a Tale of Flodden Fie'd, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his story, and to prepare them for the manners of the age in which it is laid. Any historical narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic Tale, yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the public.

The poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 4th September 1513.

[REDACTED]



M A R M I O N.

Introduction to Canto First.

ASHESTIEL, ETTRICKE FOREST.

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and seer:
Kate, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow gien,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled green-wood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through:
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through brush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam:
Away hath passed the heather bell,
That *bloomed* so rich on Needpath-fell,

Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sun-beam shines.
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill :
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold :
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel ;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower :
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray ?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower ;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie ;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings ;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory re-appears.

But, oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike, and the wise?
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasped the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows:
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where Glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb

Deep graved in every British heart,
Oh, never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave:
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given;
Where'er his country foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafula,* Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave;
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,

* Copenhagen.

O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
The pride he would not crush, restrained—
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's
laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
The thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud and danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright:
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claimed his prey
Will Palinure's unaltered mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood; .
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bell ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallowed day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh:

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
 Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
 Mourn, genius lost, and lore profound,
 And wit that loved to play, not wound;
 And all the reasoning powers divine,
 To penetrate, resolve, combine;
 And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
 They sleep with him who sleeps below;
 And if thou mourn'st they could not save
 From error him who owns this grave,
 Be every harsher thought suppressed,
 And spare the dead's eternal rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
 Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
 Where stiff the hand and still the tongue,
 Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung:
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
 The distant notes of holy song,
 As if some angel spoke again,
 All peace on earth, good-will to men;
 If ever from an English heart,
 O *here* let prejudice depart,
 And, partial feeling cast aside,
 Record that Fox a Briton died!
 When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
 And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
 And the firm Russian's purpose brave
 Was bartered by a timorous slave,
 Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
 The sullied olive-branch returned,
 Stood for his country's glory fast,
 And nailed her colours to the mast.
 Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
 A portion in this honoured grave;
 And ne'er held marble in its trust
 Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endowed,
 As high they soared above the crowd!

Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place:
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar:
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where,—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier!
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
"Here let their discord with them die;
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb,
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again?"

Rest, ardent spirits! till the cries
Of dying Nature bid you rise;
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse:
Then, O how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain!
Though not unmarked from northern clime,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:

His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;
The bard you deigned to praise, your deathless
names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wildered fancy still beguile!
From this high theme how can I part,
Ere half unloaded is my heart!
For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
And all the raptures fancy knew,
And all the keener rush of blood,
That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,
Were here a tribute mean and low,
'Though all their mingled streams could flow—
Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
In one spring-tide of ecstasy.—
It will not be—it may not last—
The vision of enchantment's past,
Like frost-work in the morning ray,
The fancied fabric melts away:
Each Gothic arch, memorial stone,
And long, dim, lofty, aisle are gone,
And lingering last, deception dear,
The choir's high sounds die on my ear.
Now slow return the lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown,
The farm begirt with copse-wood wild,
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
Thus Nature disciplines her son;
Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
And waste the solitary day,
In plucking from yon fen the reed,
And watching it float down the Tweed:
Or idly list the shrilling lay
With which the milk-maid cheers her way.

Marking its cadence rise and fail,
As from the field, beneath her pail,
She trips it down the uneven dale.
Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn,
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
Lest his old legends tire the ear
Of one, who, in his simple mind,
May boast of book-learned taste refined.

But thou, my friend, canst fitly tell,
(For few have read romance so well,)
How still the legendary lay
O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;
How on the ancient minstrel strain
Time lays his palsied hand in vain;
And how our hearts at doughty deeds,
By warriors wrought in steely weeds,
Still throb for fear and pity's sake;
As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demon's force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse;
Or when, Dame Danore's grace to move,
(Alas! that lawless was their love,)
He sought proud Tarquin in his den,
And freed full sixty knights; or when,
A sinful man, and unconfessed,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high
He might not view with waking eye.

The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorned not such legends to prolong;
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;
And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table round again,

But that a ribald king and court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play;
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the
lofty line.

Warmed by such names, well may we then,
Though dwindled sons of little men,
Essay to break a feeble lance
In the fair fields of old romance;
Or seek the moated castle's cell,
Where long through talisman and spell,
While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,
Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept:
There sound the harpings of the North,
Till he awake and sally forth,
On venturous quest to prick again,
In all his arms, with all his train,
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,
Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
And wizard with his wand of might,
And errant-maid on palfrey white.
Around the Genius weave their spells,
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells;
Mystery, half-veiled and half-revealed;
And Honour, with his spotless shield;
Attention, with fixed eye; and Fear,
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown,
A worthy meed may thus be won;

Ytene's* oaks—beneath whose shade,
Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Ascapart and Bevis bold,
And that Red King,† who, while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renewed such legendary strain;
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul,
That Amadis so famed in hall,
For Oriana, foiled in fight
The Necromancer's felon might;
And well in modern verse hast wove
Partenopex's mystic love:
Hear then, attentive to my lay,
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

* The new forest in Hampshire.

† William Rufus.













CANTO THE FIRST.



The Castle.

I.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
'The battled towers, the Donjon Keep,
The loop-hole grates, where captives wæp.
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

II.

St. George's banner, broad and gay;
Now faded, as the fading ray,
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,

Low humming as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering song.

III.

A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears
O'er horncliff hill a plump* of spears,
 Beneath a pennon gay;
A horseman darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
 Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the castle barricade,
 His bugle-horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warned the Captain in the hall,
 For well the blast he knew:
And joyfully that Knight did cail,
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

IV.

' Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
Bring pasties of the dough,
And quickly make the entrance free,
And bid my heralds ready be,
And every minstrel sound his glee,
 And all our trumpets blow;
And, from the platform, spare ye not
To fire a noble salvo shot;
 Lord Marmion waits below."
Then to the Castle's lower ward
Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbarred,
 Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,

* This word properly applies to a flight of water-fowl;
but is applied by analogy, to a body of horse.

"There is a Knight of the North Country,
Which leads a lusty plump of spears."

Battle of Floden.

The lofty palisade unsparred,
And let the drawbridge fall.

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trod,
His helm hung at the saddle bow:
Well, by his visage, you might know
He was a stalworth Knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek revealed
A token true of Bosworth field;

His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,
Showed spirit proud, and prompt to ire
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square-turned joints, and strength of limb
Showed him no carpet knight so trim,
But, in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps, a leader sage.

VI.

Well was he armed from head to heel,
In mail, and plate, of Milan steel;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnished gold emboss'd;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hovered on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soared sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
"WHO CHECKS AT ME, TO DEATH IS DIGHT."
Blue was the charger's broidered rein;
Blue ribbons decked his arching mane;

The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name, and knightly sires:
They burned the gilded spurs to claim;
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away;
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall and carve at board,
And frame love ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbard, bill, and battle-axe:
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last, and truest of the four,
On high his forked pennon bore:
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Fluttered the streamer, glossy blue:
Where, blazoned sable, as before,
The towering falcon seemed to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hose black and jerkins blue,
With falcons broder'd on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest.
Each, chosen for an archer good,
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood:
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send:
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers rung.
*Their dusty palfreys, and array,
Showed they had marched a weary way.*

IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly armed, and ordered how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musquet, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the castle yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared—
Entered the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave;
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,
He scattered angels round.
“Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
Stout heart, and open hand!
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land!”—

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the Donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hailed Lord Marmion:
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town;

And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
All as he lighted down.
"Now largesse, largesse,* Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold!
A blazoned shield, in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

XII.

They marshall'd him to the castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourished the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried,
"Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion,
With the crest and helm of gold!
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists of Cottiswold:
There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand;
To him he lost his ladye-love,
And to the king his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair;
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
And saw his saddle bare:
We saw the victor win the crest,
He wears with worthy pride;
And on the gibbet-tree reversed,
His foeman's scutcheon tied.
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight!
Room, room, ye gentles gay,
For him who conquered in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye!"

XIII.

Then stepped to meet that noble lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,

* The cry by which the heralds expressed their thanks for
the bounty of the nobles.

Baron of Twisell and of Ford,
 And Captain of the Hold.
 He led Lord Marmion to the dais,
 Rais'd o'er the pavement high,
 And placed him in the upper place—
 They feasted full and high:
 The whiles a northern harper rude
 Chaunted a rhyme of deadly feud,
*"How the fierce Thirwalls, and Riddleys all,
 Stout Willimondswick,
 And Hard-riding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
 And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."**
 Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
 The harper's barbarous lay;
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,
 And well those pains did pay:
 For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

XIV.

"Now, good Lord Marmion," Heron says,
 "Of your fair courtesy,
 I pray you bide some little space,
 In this poor tower with me.
 Here may you keep your arms from rust,
 May breathe your war-horse well;
 Seldom hath passed a week but giust
 Or feat of arms befell;
 The Scots can rein a mettled steed,
 And love to couch a spear,—
 St. George! a stirring life they lead,
 That have such neighbours near
 Then stay with us a little space,
 Our northern wars to learn;
 I pray you for your lady's grace."—
 Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.
 * *The rest of this old ballad may be found in the note.*

XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
And gave a squire the sign :
A mighty wassel bowl, he took,
And crown'd it high with wine.
“ Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion :
But first I pray thee fair,
Where hast thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve thy cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare ?
When last in Raby towers we met.
The boy I closely eyed,
And often marked his cheeks were wet
With tears he fain would hide ;
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish steel, or sharpen brand,
Or saddle battle-steed ;
But meeter seemed for lady fair,
To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
The slender silk to lead :
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
His bosom—when he sigh'd,
The russet doublet's rugged fold
Could scarce repel its pride !
Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
To serve in lady's bower ?
Or was the gentle page in sooth
A gentle paramour ? ”—

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest
He roll'd his kindling eye,
With pain his rising wrath suppressed,
Yet made a calm reply ;
“ That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
He might not brook the northern air,
More of his fate if thou would'st learn,
I left him sick in Lindisfern :

Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
Why does thy lovely lady gay
Disdain to grace the hall to-day?
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
Gone on some pious pilgrimage?"
He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
Whispered light tales of Heron's dame

XVII.

Unmarked, at least unrecked, the taunt,
Careless the Knight replied,
"No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,
Delights in cage to bide:
Norham is grim, and grated close,
Hemmed in by battlement and fosse.
And many a darksome tower;
And better loves my lady bright,
To sit in liberty and light,
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find leash or band,
For dame that loves to rove?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—

XVIII.

"Nay, if with royal James's bride,
The lovely Lady Heron bide,
Behold me here a messenger,
Your tender greetings prompt to bear;
For, to the Scottish court addressed,
I journey at our king's behest.
And pray you, of your grace, provide,
For me, and mine, a trusty guide.
I have not ridden in Scotland since
James backed the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.

Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton tower."

XIX.

"For such like need, my lord, I trow,
Norham can find you guides enow;
For here be some have pricked as far,
On Scottish ground as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods."—

XX.

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried,
"Were I in warlike-wise to ride,
A better guard I would not lack,
Than your stout forayers at my back:
But, as in form of peace, I go,
A friendly messenger, to know,
Why, through all Scotland, near and far,
Their king is mustering troops for war,
The sight of plundering Border spears
Might justify suspicious fears,
And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,
Break out in some unseemly broil:
A herald were my fitting guide;
Or friar, sworn in peace to bide:
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
Or strolling pilgrim, at the least." .

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
And passed his hand across his face.
—"Fain would I find the guide you want,
But ill may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride,
Mine errands on the Scottish side.
Then, though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;

Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
 Since our last siege, we have not seen :
 The mass he might not sing or say,
 Upon one stinted meal a day ;
 So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
 And prayed for our success the while.
 Our Norham vicar, woe betide,
 Is all too well in case to ride.
 The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein
 The wildest war-horse in your train ;
 But then, no spearman in the hall
 Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
 Friar John of Tillouth were the man :
 A blithesome brother at the can,
 A welcome guest in hall and bower,
 He knows each castle, town, and tower,
 In which the wine and ale are good,
 'Twixt Newcastle and Holyrood,
 But that good man, as ill befalls,
 Hath seldom left our castle walls,
 Since on the vigil of St. Bede,
 In evil hour, he crossed the Tweed,
 To teach Dame Alison her creed.
 Old Bughtrig found him with his wife ;
 And John, an enemy to strife,
 Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
 The jealous churl hath deeply swore.
 That, if again he ventures o'er,
 He shall shrieve penitent no more.
 Little he loves such risks, I know :
 Yet, in your guard perchance will go.'

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
 Carved to his uncle, and that lord,
 And reverently took up the word.
 " Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.
He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach ;

Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.
None can a lustier carol bawl,
The needfullest among us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas-tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.
The vowed revenge of Bughtrig rude,
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John, in safety, still
In chimney corner snore his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill:
Last night to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."
"Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say."

XXIII.

"Here is a holy palmer, come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome;
One that hath kissed the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the prophet's rod;
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount, where Israel heard the law,
'Mid thunder-dint and flashing levin,
And shadows, mist, and darkness, given.
He shows St. James's cockle-shell,
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that Grot where Olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

XXIV.

"To stout Saint George of Norwick merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham, and Saint Bede,
For his sins' pardon hath he prayed.
He knows the passes of the North,
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth,
Little he eats, and long will wake,
And drinks but of the stream or lake.
This were a guide o'er moor and dale;
But, when our John hath quaffed his ale,
As little as the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose,
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."—

XXV.

"Gramercy," quoth Lord Marmion,
"Full loath were I, that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me,
Were placed in fear, or jeopardy;
If this same palmer will me lead
From hence to Holy Rood,
Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle shell, or bead,
With angels fair and good.
I love such holy rambles: still,
They know to charm a weary hill,
With song, romance, or lay;
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend at the least,
They bring to cheer the way."—

XXVI.

"Ah! noble sir," young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
"This man knows much, perchance e'en more
Than he could learn by holy lore.
Still to himself he's muttering,
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.

Last night we listened at his cell:
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmured on till morn, howe'er
No living mortal could be near.
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
As other voices spoke again.
I cannot tell—I like it not—
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
No conscience clear, and void of wrong,
Can rest awake, and pray so long,
Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have marked ten aves and two creeds.”—

XXVII.

“Let pass,” quoth Marmion; “by my fay,
This man shall guide me on my way:
Although the great arch-fiend and he
Had sworn themselves of company:
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer to the castle hall.”
The summoned Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl o’erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter’s keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand,
Showed pilgrim from the Holv Land.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or looked more high and keen;
*For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate,
As he his near had been.*

But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
 And when he struggled at a smile,
 His eye looked haggard wild.
 Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan face, and sun-burned hair,
 She had not known her child.
 Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we know—
 For deadly fear can time outgo,
 And blanch at once the hair;
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
 More deeply than despair.
 Happy whom none of these befall,
 But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;
 The Palmer took on him the task,
 So he would march with morning tide,
 To Scottish court to be his guide.
 —“ But I have solemn vows to pay,
 And may not linger by the way,
 To fair Saint Andrews bound,
 Within the ocean-cave to pray,
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
 From midnight to the dawn of day,
 Sung to the billows' sound;
 Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
 And the crazed brain restore:
 Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
 Could back to peace my bosom bring,
 Or bid it throb no more!”—

XXX.

*And now the midnight draught of sleep,
 Where wine and spices richly steep,*

In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drained it merrily;
Alone the Palmer passed it by,
Though Selby pressed him courteously.
This was the sign the feast was o'er;
It hushed the merry wassail roar,
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle nought was heard,
But the slow footstep of the guard,
Pacing his sober round.

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose;
And first the chapel doors unclosed;
Then after morning rites were done,
(A hasty mass from Friar John,)
And knight and squire had broke their fast
On rich substantial repast,
Lord Marmion's bugle blew to horse.
Then came the stirrup-cup in course;
Between the Baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost,
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the Captain made,
Till filing from the gate, had past
That noble train, their Lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet call;
Thundered the cannon from the wall,
And shook the Scottish shore;
Around the castle eddied slow,
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
And hid its turrets hoar;
Till they rolled forth upon the air,
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.



Introduction to Canto Second.

—●—
TO

THE REV. JOHN MARRIOT, M. A.

ASBESTIEL, ETTRICKE FOREST

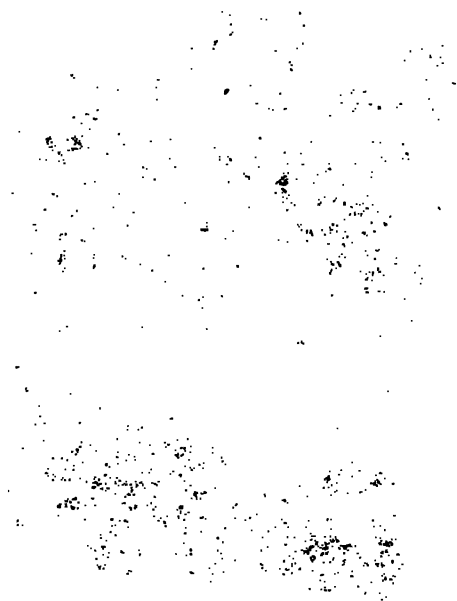
THE scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair;
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade,
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan* to the rock,
And through the foliage showed his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook.

* Mountain-ash.

"Here, in my shade," methinks he'd say,
 "The mighty stag at noontide lay;
 The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
 (The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)
 With lurching step around me prowl,
 And stop against the moon to howl:
 The mountain boar, on battle set,
 His tusks upon my stem would wet;
 While doe and roe, and red deer good,
 Have bounded by through gay green-wood.
 Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
 Sallied a Scottish monarch's power;
 A thousand vassals mustered round,
 With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound
 And I might see the youth intent,
 Guard every pass with cross-bow bent;
 And through the brake the rangers stalk,
 And falcn^rs hold the ready hawk:
 And foresters, in green-wood trim,
 Lead in the leash the gaze-hounds grim,
 Attentive as the bratchet's* bay
 From the dark covert drove the prey,
 To slip them as he broke away.
 The startled quarry bounds amain,
 As fast the gallant grey-hounds strain:
 Whistles the arrow from the bow,
 Answers the harquebuss below;
 While all the rocking hills reply,
 To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's cry,
 And bugles ringing lightsomely."—

Of such proud huntings, many tales
 Yet linger in our lonely dales,
 Up pathless Ettricke, and on Yarrow,
 Where erst the Outlaw drew his arrow.
 But not more blithe that sylvan court,
 Than we have been at humbler sport:

* Slow-hound.







*"Then oft, from Newark's ivy-tower,
Sailed a Scottish monarch's power"*

Though small our pomp, and mean our game,
Our mirth, dear Marriot, was the same.
Remember'st thou my grey-hounds true?
O'er holt, or hill, there never flew,
From slip, or leash, there never sprang
More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.
Nor dull, between each merry chase,
Passed by the intermitted space:
For we had fair resource in store,
In classic, and in Gothic lore:
We marked each memorable scene,
And held poetic talk between;
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend, or its song,
All silent now—for now are still
Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill!
No longer, from thy mountains dun,
The yeoman hears the well-known gun,
And, while his honest heart glows warm,
At thought of his paternal farm,
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
And drinks, "The Chieftain of the Hills!"
No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,
Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw,
By moonlight, dance on Carterhaugh;
No youthful barons left to grace
The Forest Sheriff's lonely chace,
And ape, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon:
And she is gone, whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace:
Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given,
To show our earth the charms of heaven,
She could not glide along the air,
With form more *light*, or face more *fair*.
*No more the widow's deafened ear
Grows quick, that lady's step to hear.*

At noontide she expects her not,
Nor busies her to trim the cot;
Pensive she turns her humming wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphan's meal;
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chase, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—
Her long-descended lord is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.
And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Close to my side, with what delight,
They pressed to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his holy mound,
I called his ramparts holy ground!*

Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot long endure!
Condemned to stem the world's rude tide,
You may not linger by the side;
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still,
Of the lone mountain and the rill;
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
And you will think right frequently,
But, well I hope, without a sigh,

* *There is, on a high mountainous ridge, above the
of Ashetiel, a fosse called Wallace's Trench.*

the free hours that we have spent,
gether on the brown hill's bent.

When musing on companions gone,
doubly feel ourselves alone.
Nothing, my friend, we yet may gain,
ere is a pleasure in this pain;
clothes the love of lonely rest,
up in its gentler heart impressed.
Silent amid worldly toils,
I stifled soon by mental broils;
, in a bosom thus prepared,
still small voice is often heard,
ispering a mingled sentiment,
next resignation and content.
In my mind such thoughts awake,
lone St. Mary's silent lake;
You know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
lute the pure lake's crystal edge;
rupt and sheer, the mountains sink
once upon the level brink,
I just a trace of silver sand
marks where the water meets the land.
In the mirror, bright and blue,
The hill's huge outline you may view,
Giddy with heath, but lonely bare,
No tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
None, where of land, yon slender line
crosses 'thwart the lake the scattered pine,
Even this nakedness has power,
It aids the feeling of the hour;
No thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
No living thing concealed might lie,
No point, retiring, hides a dell,
No swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
I see that all is loneliness;
Silence aids—though these steep hills
to the lake a thousand rills:

In summer tide, so soft they weep,
 The sound but lulls the ear asleep:
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
 So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
 But well I ween the dead are near;
 For though, in feudal strife, a foe
 Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low
 Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
 The peasant rests him from his toil,
 And dying, bids his bones be laid
 Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
 And fate had cut my ties to life,
 Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
 And rear again the Chaplain's cell,
 Like that same peaceful hermitage,
 Where Milton longed to spend his age.
 'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,
 On Bourhope's lonely top decay;
 And, as it faint and feeble died,
 On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
 To say, "Thus pleasures fade away;
 Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
 And leaves us dark, forlorn, and grey;"
 Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower,
 And think on Yarrow's faded Flower;
 And when that mountain-sound I heard,
 Which bids us be for storm prepared,
 The distant rustling of his wings,
 As up his force the Tempest brings,
 'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
 To sit upon the Wizard's grave;
 That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust
 From company of holy dust;
 On which no sun-beam ever shines—
 (So superstition's creed divines.)

Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore,
And mark the wild swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,
And ever stoop again, to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave;
Then, when against the driving hail,
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp, and trim my fire:
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak,
And thought the Wizard priest was come
To claim again his ancient home!
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I cleared,
And smiled to think that I had feared.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,
(Though but escape from fortune's strife,)
Something most matchless good, and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice;
And deem each hour, to musing given,
A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
Such peaceful solitudes displease,
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amid the elemental war;
And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns on dark Lochskene.
There eagles scream from isle to shore,
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven;

Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving as if condemned to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prisoned by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where, deep deep down, and far within
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriot, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung:
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious man of woe.





CANTO THE SECOND.



The Convent.

I.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke,
Round Norham Castle rolled;
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the Hold.
It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze;
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle,
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stooped her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home:
The merry seamen laughed, to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
Much joyed they in their honoured freight,
For, on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II.

*'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,*

Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view,
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
With many a benedicite ;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terror pray ;
Then shrieked, because the sea-dog, nigh,
His round black head, and sparkling eye,
Reared o'er the foaming spray ;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disordered by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy ;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turned arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye ;
Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame ;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall ;
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic rulé the breach ;
And her ambition's highest aim,
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.

For this she gave her ample dower,
 To raise the convent's eastern tower,
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,
 She decked the chapel of the saint;
 And gave the relique-shrine of cost,
 With ivory and gems embost.
 The poor her convent's bounty blest,
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
 Reformed on Benedictine school:
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare,
 Vigils, and penitence austere,
 Had early quenched the light of youth,
 But gentle was the dame in sooth;
 Though vain of her religious sway,
 She loved to see her maids obey,
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
 And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
 Sad was this voyage to the dame:
 Summon'd to Lindisfern she came,
 There with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
 A chapter of Saint Benedict,
 For inquisition stern and strict,
 On two apostates from the faith,
 And, if need were, to doom to death.

V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
 Save this, that she was young and fair,
 As yet a novice unprofessed,
 Lovely, and gentle, but distressed.
 She was betrothed to one now dead,
 Or worse, who had dishonoured fled.
 Her kinsman bade her give her hand
To one who loved her for her land:
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,

And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.

VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
And seemed to mark the waves below;
Nay seemed, so fixed her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by
She saw them not—'twas seeming all—
Far other scene her thoughts recall,—
A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare,
Nor wave, nor breezes, murmured there;
There saw she, where some careless hand
O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand,
To hide it till the jackals come
To tear it from the scanty tomb—
See what a woful look was given,
As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distressed—
These charms might tame the fiercest breast:
Harpers have sung, and poets told,
That he, in fury uncontrolled,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame
Oft put the lion's rage to shame;
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practised, with their bowl and knife,
Against the mourner's harmless life.
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet gray.

VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.

onk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
 nd Tynemouth's priory and bay;
 ey marked, amid her trees, the hall
 f lofty Seaton-Delaval;
 ey saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
 ash to the sea through sounding woods;
 ey passed the tower of Widderington,
 other of many a valiant son;
 t Coquet Isle their beads they tell
 o the good Saint who owned the cell;
 hen did the Alne attention claim,
 nd Warkworth, proud of Percy's name:
 nd next, they crossed themselves, to hear
 he whitening breakers sound so near,
 'here, boiling through the rocks, they roar
 n Dunstanborough's caverned shore;
 hy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
 ing Ida's castle, huge and square,
 rom its tall rock look grimly down,
 nd on the swelling ocean frown;
 hen from the coast they bore away,
 nd reached the Holy Island's bay.

IX.

he tide did now its flood-mark gain,
 nd girdled in the Saint's domain:
 or, with the flow and ebb, its stile
 aries from continent to isle;
 ry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
 he pilgrims to the shrine find way;
 wice every day, the waves efface
 f staves and sandaled feet the trace.
 s to the port the galley flew,
 igher and higher rose to view,
 'he Castle, with its battled walls,
 'he ancient monastery's halls,
 solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
 ced on the margin of the isle.

X.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the wind's eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand;
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later stile,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower:
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they neared his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose;
Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,

From Cuthbert's cloisters grim:
Banner, and cross, and reliques there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
 They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rushed emulously through the flood,
 To hale the bark to land;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
 And blessed them with her hand.

XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the Convent-banquet made:
 All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallowed eye,
 The stranger sisters roam:
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there, even summer night is chill:
Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,
 They closed around the fire,
And all, in turn, essayed to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
 A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid; for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own.

XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three barons bold
 Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
*And monks cry, "Fie upon your name!
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."*

This, on Ascension day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear.
They told how, in their convent cell,
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda prayed;
Themselves, within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told;
How, when the rude Dane burned their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose;
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his reliques might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
(A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair:
Chester-le-Street, and *Rippon*, saw
His holy corpse, ere *Wardilaw*
Hailed him with joy and fear;

THE CONVENT.

And after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear:
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His reliques are in secret laid;
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.

XV.

Who may his miracles declare!
Even Scotland's dauntless king and heir
(Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale)

Before his standard fled.

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's faulchion on the Dane,
And turned the conqueror back again,
When, with his Norman bowyer band,
He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn,
If, on a rock by Lindisfern,
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name:
Which tales had Whitby's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold,
And hear his anvil sound;
Leadened clang,—a huge dim form,
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
And night were closing round.
This, a tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfern disclaim.

XVII.

*Round the fire such legends go,
Where'er was the scene of woe,*

Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone, that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell:
Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,
In penitence to dwell,
When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
This den, which, chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was called the vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light,
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
A place of burial, for such dead
As having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.
'Twas now a place of punishment;
Where, if so loud a shriek were sent,
As reached the upper air,
The hearers blessed themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead
Bemoaned their torments there.

XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle
Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay, and still more few
Were those who had from him the clew
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;
The grave-stones, rudely sculptur'd o'er,
Half-sunk in earth, by time half-wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash, upon the stone,

cresset,* in an iron chain,
 which served to light this drear domain,
 damp and darkness seemed to strive,
 it scarce might keep alive;
 yet it dimly served to show
 awful conclave met below.

XIX.

they met to doom in secrecy,
 placed the heads of convents three:
 servants of Saint Benedict,
 statutes of whose order strict
 iron table lay;
 in long black dress, on seats of stone,
 and were these three judges shown,
 the pale cresset's ray:
 Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,
 or a space with visage bare,
 to hide her bosom's swell,
 tear-drops that for pity fell,
 she closely drew her veil;
 shrouded figure, as I guess,
 her proud mien and flowing dress,
 her mouth's haughty Prioress,
 and she with awe looks pale;
 he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
 long been quenched by age's night,
 whose wrinkled brow alone,
 truth nor mercy's trace is shown,
 whose look is hard and stern,—
 Cuthbert's Abbot is his stile;
 sanctity called, through the isle,
 the Saint of Lindisfern.

XX.

there them stood a guilty pair,
 though an equal fate they share,
 one alone deserves our care.

* Antique chandelier.

Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew;

And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,

Lord Marmion's falcon crest.

But at the Prioress' command,

A monk undid the silken band,

That tied her tresses fair,

And raised the bonnet from her head,

And down her slender form they spread,

In ringlets rich and rare.

Constance de Beverley they know,

Sister professed of Fontevraud,

Whom the church numbered with the dead

For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view,
(Although so pallid was her hue,

It did a ghastly contrast bear,

To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)

Her look composed and steady eye,

Bespoke a matchless constancy;

And there she stood so calm and pale,

That, but her breathing did not fail,

And motion slight of eye and head,

And of her bosom, warranted,

That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,

You might have thought a form of wax,

Wrought to the very life, was there;

So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,

Such as does murder for a meed;

Who, but of fear, knows no control,

Because his conscience, seared and foul

Feels not the import of his deed;

ne whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
 beyond his own more brute desires.
 rich tools the tempter ever needs,
 o do the savagest of deeds;
 or them, no visioned terrors daunt,
 heir nights no fancied spectres haunt;
 ne fear with them, of all most base,
 he fear of death,—alone finds place.
 his wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
 nd shamed not loud to moan and howl,
 is body on the floor to dash,
 nd crouch like hound beneath the lash;
 hile his mute partner, standing near,
 waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

et well the luckless wretch might shriek,
 'ell might her paleness terror speak!
 or there were seen, in that dark wall,
 wo niches, narrow, deep, and tall.
 'ho enters at such grisly door,
 hall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
 each a slender meal was laid,
 f roots, of water, and of bread:
 y each, in Benedictine dress,
 wo haggard monks stood motionless;
 'ho, holding high a blazing torch,
 howed the grim entrance of the porch:
 effecting back the smoky beam,
 he dark-red walls and arches gleam.
 lewn stones and cement were displayed,
 and building tools in order laid.

XXXIV.

hese executioners were chose,
 s men who were with mankind foes,
 nd, with despite and envy fired,
to the cloister had retired:
Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
trove, by deep penance to efface

Of some foul crime the stain;
For, as the vassals of her will,
Such men the church selected still
As either joyed in doing ill,
Or thought more grace to gain,
If, in her cause, they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they brought there,
They knew not how, and knew not where.

XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter's doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,
Alive, within the tomb;
But stopped, because that woful maid,
Gathering her powers to speak essayed;
Twice she essayed, and twice, in vain,
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip;
'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seemed to hear a distant rill—
'Twas ocean's swells and falls;
For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scarce could hear,
So massive were the walls.

XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawned upon her cheek,
A hectic and a fluttered streak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By Autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gathered strength,

And armed herself to bear.
 It was a fearful sight to see
 Such high resolve and constancy
 In form so soft and fair.

XXVII.

"I speak not to implore your grace;
 We'll know I for one minute's space
 Successless might I sue:
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
 For if a death of lingering pain,
 To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
 Vain are your masses too.—
 I listened to a traitor's tale,
 I left the convent and the veil,
 For three long years I bowed my pride,
 A horse-boy in his train to ride;
 And well my folly's meed he gave,
 Who forfeited to be his slave,
 All here, and all beyond the grave.—
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
 And Constance was beloved no more.—
 'Tis an old tale, and often told:
 But did my fate and wish agree,
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,
 Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
 That loved, or was avenged, like me!

XXVIII.

"The King approved his favourite's aim;
 In vain a rival barred his claim,
 Whose faith with Clare's was plight,
 For he attaints that rival's fame
 With treason's charge—and on they came,
 In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are prayed,
Their lances in the rest are laid,

They meet in mortal shock;
And, hark! the throng with thundering cry,
Shout ' Marmion, Marmion! to the sky.

De Wilton to the block!

Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide,
When in the lists two champions ride,

Say, was Heaven's justice here?
When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death,

Beneath a traitor's spear?
How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell."—
Then drew a packet from her breast,
Paused, gathered voice, and spoke the rest.

XXIX.

" Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.

'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried,
' Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.'

One way remained—the king's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land;
I lingered here and rescue plann'd

For Clara and for me:
This caitiff monk, for gold, did swear
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And, by his drugs, my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.

But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose coward lice has undone us both.

XXX.

" And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
*Had fortune my last hope betrayed,
This packet, to the King conveyed,*

Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
 Although my heart that instant broke.—
 Now, men of death, work forth your will,
 For I can suffer, and be still ;
 And come he slow, or come he fast,
 It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
 Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome !
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
 Full soon such vengeance will he take,
 That you shall wish the fiery Dane
 Had rather been your guest again.
 Behind, a darker hour ascends !
 The altars quake, the crosier bends,
 The ire of a despotic King
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing :
 Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
 Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep :
 Some traveller then shall find my bones,
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,
 And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
 Marvel such relics here should be."—

XXXII.

Fixed was her look, and stern her air ;
 Back from her shoulders streamed her hair ;
 The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
 Stared up erectly from her head ;
 Her figure seemed to rise more high
 Her voice despair's wild energy
 Had given a tone of prophecy.
 Appalled the astonished conclave sate ;
 With stupid eyes, the men of fate
 Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm
The judges felt the victim's dread ;
No hand was moved, no word was said,

Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven :—
" Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;
Sinful brother, part in peace !"
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,

Paced forth the judges three :
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day ;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan :
With speed their upward way they take,
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)
And crossed themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on :
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seemed to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told ;
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said ;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostrils to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.



Introduction to Canto Third.

TO
WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ.

ASHESTIEL, ETRICK FOREST

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass,
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
And imitate, on field and furrow,
Life's chequered scene of joy and sorrow;
The streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
And winding slow its silver train,
Almost slumbering on the plain;
The breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
Forever swells again as fast,
Which the ear deems its murmur past;
Various, my romantic theme
Winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Pleased, our eye pursues the trace
Of light and Shade's inconstant race;
It views the rivulet afar
Through its maze irregular;
Pleased, we listen as the breeze
Its wild sigh through Autumn trees,
And as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Now unconfined. my Tale.

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
I love the license all too well,
In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
To raise the desultory song?—
Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
To thy kind judgment seemed excuse
For many an error of the muse,
Oft hast thou said, "If, still mis-spent,
'Thine hours to poetry are lent,
Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
Quaff from the fountain at the source;
Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom :
Instructive of the feebler bard,
Still from the grave their voice is heard ;
From them and from the paths they show'd,
Choose honoured guide and practised road ;
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
With harpers rude of barbarous days.

"Or deem'st thou not our later time
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?
Hast thou no elegiac verse
For Brunswick's venerable hearse?
What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valour bleeds for liberty?—
Oh, hero of that glorious time,
When, with unrivalled light sublime,—
Though martial Austria, and though all
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes—
The star of Brandenburg arose!
Thou couldst not live to see her beam
For ever quenched in Jena's stream.
Lamented Chief!—it was not given
To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestined scourge of guilty earth.

Lamented Chief!—not thine the power,
To save in that presumptuous hour,
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield!
Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
Ill had it seemed thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,
For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou couldst not heal!
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honoured life an honoured close;
And when revolves, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge,
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK's tomb.

“ Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar;
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shattered walls,
Which the grim Turk, besmeared with blood,
Against the Invincible made good;
Or that, whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the polar lake,
When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,
On the warped wave their death-game played;
Or that, where Vengeance and Affright
Howl'd round the father of the fight,
Who snatched, on Alexandria's sand,
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

*“ Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,*

And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatched the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deemed their own Shakspeare lived again."

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
With praises not to me belonging,
In task more meet for mightiest powers,
Would'st thou engage my thriftless hours.
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weighed
That secret power by all obeyed,
Which warps not less the passive mind,
Its source concealed or undefined;
Whether an impulse, that has birth
Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
One with our feelings and our powers,
And rather part of us than ours;
Or whether fitlier termed the sway
Of habit formed in early day?
Howe'er derived, its force confest
Rules with despotic sway the breast,
And drags us on by viewless chain,
While taste and reason plead in vain.
Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
He seeks not eager to inhale
The freshness of the mountain gale,
Content to rear his whitened wall
Beside the dank and dull canal?
*He'll say, from youth he loved to see
The white sail gliding by the tree.*

Or see yon weather-beaten hind,
Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
Whose tattered plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak;
Through England's laughing meads he goes,
And England's wealth around him flows;
Ask, if it would content him well,
At ease in these gay plains to dwell,
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,
And spires and forests intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between?
No! not for these will he exchange
His dark Lochaber's boundless range;
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charmed me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings, roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour:
Though no broad river swept along
To claim perchance heroic song;
Though sighed no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed.
Yet was poetic impulse given
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,

And honey-suckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his round surveyed;
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvelled, as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind,
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurred their horse
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, filled the hall
With revel, wassail-rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with tramp and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seamed with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars;
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretched at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scattered Southron fled before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face,
That brightened at our evening fire!
From the thatched mansion's grey-haired Sire.

Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;
Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen,
Showed what in youth its glance had been;
Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint;
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke:
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

From me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conned task?
Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimmed the eglantine:
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays;
Since oft thy judgment could refine
My flattened thought, or cumbrous line;
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my Tale!



CANTO THE THIRD.

—o—

The Hostel, or Inn.

I.

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode;
The mountain path the Palmer showed
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not choose the lowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely failed to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, the deer looked down;
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose;
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been passed before
They gained the height of Lammermoor;
Thence winding down the northern way,
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

II.

*No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.*

land's camp the Lord was gone;
 tious dame, in bower alone,
 d her castle to uncloze,
 to unknown friends or foes.
 rough the hamlet as they paced,
 re a porch, whose front was graced
 bush and flagon trimly placed,
 rd Marmion drew his rein:
 village inn seemed large, though rude;
 eerful fire and hearty food
 ght well relieve his train.
 rom their seats the horsemen sprung.
 ngling spurs the court-yard rung;
 ind their horses to the stall,
 age, food, and firing call,
 rious clamour fills the hall:
 ng the labour with the cost,
 verywhere the bustling host.

III.

y the chimney's merry blaze,
 h the rude hostel might you gaze;
 ee, where, in dark nook aloof,
 ters of the sooty roof
 wealth of winter cheer;
 owl dried. and solands store,
 mmons of the tusky boar,
 savoury haunch of deer.
 imney arch projected wide;
 , around it, and beside,
 a tools for housewives' hand:
 nted, in that martial day,
 plements of Scottish fray,
 buckler, lance, and brand.
 h its shade, the place of state,
 en settle Marmion sate,
 wed around the blazing hearth
 wers mix in noisy mirth,
 ith brown ale, in jolly tide,

From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest;
And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid,
And mingle in the mirth they made:
For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
With open hand, and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower:—
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood;
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fixed on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
Strove by a frown to quell;
But not for that, though more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
For still, as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted beard,
Their glee and game declined.

All gazed at length in silence drear,
 Unbroke, save when, in comrade's ear
 Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
 Thus whispered forth his mind :—
 " Saint Mary! saw'st thou ere such sight?
 How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
 Whene'er the fire-brand's fickle light
 Glances beneath his cowl!
 Full on our Lord he sets his eye;
 For his best palfrey, would not I
 Endure that sullen scowl."—

VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
 Which thus had quelled their hearts, who saw
 The ever-varying fire-light show
 That figure stern and face of woe,
 Now called upon a squire :—
 " Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
 To speed the lingering night away?
 We slumber by the fire."—

VIII.

" So please you," thus the youth rejoined,
 " Our choicest minstrel's left behind.
 Ill may we hope to please your ear,
 Accustomed Constant's strains to hear.
 The harp full deftly can he strike,
 And wake the lover's lute alike;
 To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush
 Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush;
 No nightingale her love-lorn tune
 More sweetly warbles to the moon.
 Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
 Detains from us his melody,
 Lavished on rocks, and billows stern,
 Or duller monks of Lindisfarn.
 Now must I venture as I may,
 To sing his favourite roundelay."—

IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
 The air he chose was wild and sad;
 Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
 Rise from the busy harvest band,
 When falls before the mountaineer,
 On lowland plains, the ripened ear.
 Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
 Now a wild chorus swells the song:
 Oft have I listened, and stood still,
 As it came softened up the hill,
 And deemed it the lament of men
 Who languished for their native glen;
 And thought, how sad would be such sound
 On Susquehana's swampy ground,
 Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
 Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
 Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
 Recalled fair Scotland's hills again

X.

Song.

Where shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever?
 Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving;

There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never.

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap,
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never.

XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound;
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plained as if disgrace and ill,
And shameful death, were near.

He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a space,
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not; but I ween,
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wished to be their prey,
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave;
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel;
Even while they writhe beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said:—
“Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?

Say, what may this portend?”—
Then first the Palmer silence broke,
(The livelong day he had not spoke,)
“The death of a dear friend.”

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
Marmion, whose soul could scantily brook,
Even from his king, a haughty look;
Whose accent of command controlled,
In camps, the boldest of the bold—
Thought, look, and utterance, failed him now,
Fallen was his glance, and flushed his brow:

For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps, that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he falter!—by his aid
Was Constance Beverley betrayed;
Not that he augur'd of the doom
Which on the living closed the tomb;
But, tired to hear the desperate mail
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;
And wroth, because, in wild despair,
She practised on the life of Clare;
Its fugitive the church he gave,
Though not a victim, but a slave;
And deemed restraint in convent strange,
Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.
Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,
Held Romish thunders idle fear;
Secure his pardon he might hold
For some slight mulct of penance-gold.
Thus judging, he gave secret way
When the stern priests surprised their prey:
His train but deemed the favourite page
Was left behind, to spare his age;
Or other if they deemed, none dared
To mutter what he thought and heard:
Woe to the vassal, who durst pry
Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI.

*His conscience slept—he deemed her well,
And safe secured in distant cell;*

But, wakened by her favourite lay,
 And that strange Palmer's boding say,
 That fell so ominous and drear,
 Full on the object of his fear;
 To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
 Dark tales of convent vengeance rose;
 And Constance, late betrayed and scorned,
 All lovely on his soul returned:
 Lovely as when, at treacherous call,
 She left her convent's peaceful wall,
 Crimsoned with shame, with terror mute,
 Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
 Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
 Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that mien!
 How changed these timid looks have been,
 Since years of guilt, and of disguise,
 Have steeled her brow, and armed her eyes!
 No more of virgin terror speaks
 The blood that mantles in her cheeks
 Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,
 Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;
 And I the cause—for whom were given
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!—
 Would," thought he, as the picture grows,
 "I on its stalk had left the rose!
 Oh why should man's success remove
 The very charms that wake his love!
 Her convent's peaceful solitude
 Is now a prison harsh and rude;
 And, pent within the narrow cell,
 How will her spirit chafe and swell!
 How brook the stern monastic laws!
 The penance how—and I the cause!—
 Vigil and scourge—perchance even worse!"—
 And twice he rose to cry "to horse!"
 And twice his sovereign's mandate came,
 Like damp upon a kindling flame;

And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge
 She should be safe, though not at large?
 They durst not, for their island, shred
 One golden ringlet from her head."—

XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
 Repentance and reviving love,
 Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
 I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,
 Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
 And, talkative, took up the word:—

"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray
 From Scotland's simple land away,

To visit realms afar,
 Full often learn the art to know,
 Of future weal, or future woe,

By word, or sign, or star;
 Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
 If, knight-like, he despises fear,
 Not far from hence;—if fathers old
 Aright our hamlet legend told."
 These broken words the menials move,
 (For marvels still the vulgar love;)
 And, Marmion giving license cold,
 His tale the Host thus gladly told.

XIX.

The Host's Tale.

"A clerk could tell what years have flown
 Since Alexander filled our throne,
 (Third monarch of that warlike name,)
 And eke the time when here he came
 To seek Sir Hugo, then our Lord:
 A braver never drew a sword;
 A wiser never, at the hour
Of midnight, spoke the word of power;
The same, whom ancient records call
the founder of the Goblin-Hall.

I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
Gave you that cavern to survey.
Of lofty roof, and ample size,
Beneath the castle deep it lies:
To hew the living rock profound,
The floor to pave, the arch to round,
There never toiled a mortal arm,
It all was wrought by word and charm;
And I have heard my grandsire say,
That the wild clamour and affray
Of those dread artizans of hell,
Who laboured under Hugo's spell,
Sounded as loud as ocean's war
Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

"The king Lord Gifford's castle sought,
Deep-labouring with uncertain thought.
Even then he mustered all his host,
To meet upon the western coast;
For Norse and Danish galleys plied
Their oars within the firth of Clyde.
There floated Haco's banner trim,
Above Norwegian warriors grim,
Savage of heart, and large of limb;
Threatening both continent and isle,
Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,
And tarried not his garb to change,
But, in his wizard habit strange,
Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight—
His mantle lined with fox-skins white;
His high and wrinkled forehead bore
A pointed cap, such as of yore
Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore;
His shoes were marked with cross and spell;
Upon his breast a pentacle;
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,

ny a planetary sign,
t, and retrograde, and trine;
his hand he held prepared
l sword without a guard.

XXI.

lealings with the fiendish race
rked strange lines upon his face;
d fast had worn him grim,
sight dazzled seemed, and dim,
unused to upper day;
s own menials with dismay
Sir Knight, the griesly sire
unwonted wild attire;—
ed, for traditions run,
om thus beheld the sun.
r,' he said,—his voice was hoarse,
oken seemed its hollow force,—
w the cause, although untold,
e king seeks his vassal's hold:
from me my liege would know
gdom's future weal or woe:
, if strong his arm and heart,
rage may do more than art.

XXII.

iddle air the demons proud,
de upon the racking cloud,
d, in fixed or wandering star,
re of events afar;
l their sullen aid withhold,
hen by mightier force controlled.
te I summoned to my hall;
ough so potent was the call,
arce the deepest nook of hell
ed a refuge from the spell,
stinate in silence still,
ughty demon mocks my skill.
t,—who little knowst thy might,
upon that blessed night,

When yawning graves, and dying groan,
Proclaimed hell's empire overthrown,—
With untaught valour shalt compel
Response denied to magic spell.'—
Gramercy,' quoth our monarch free,
'Place him but front to front with me,
And, by this good and honoured brand,
The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,
The demon shall a buffet bide.'—
His bearing bold the wizard viewed,
And thus, well pleased, his speech renewed.—
'There spoke the blood of Malcolm!—mark:
Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,
The rampart seek, whose circling crown
Crests the ascent of yonder down:
A southern entrance shalt thou find;
There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
And trust thine elfin foe to see,
In guise of thy worst enemy:
Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—
Upon him! and Saint George to speed!
If he go down, thou soon shalt know
Whate'er these airy sprites can show;—
If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life.'—

XXIII.

"Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
Alone, and armed, rode forth the king
To that old camp's deserted round:—
Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,
Left hand the town,—the Pictish race
The trench, long since, in blood did trace,
The moor around is brown and bare,
The space within is green and fair
The spot our village children know,
For there the earliest wild-flowers grow;
But woe betide the wandering wight
That treads its circle in the night!

breadth across, a bowshot clear,
 ample space for full career;
 sed to the four points of heaven,
 our deep gaps is entrance given.
 southernmost our monarch passed,
 ed, and blew a gallant blast;
 on the north, within the ring,
 ared the form of England's king;
 then, a thousand leagues afar,
 lestine waged holy war:
 arms like England's did he wield,
 the leopards in the shield,
 his Syrian courser's frame,
 rider's length of limb the same:
 afterwards did Scotland know
 Edward * was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

vision made our monarch start,
 soon he mann'd his noble heart,
 in the first career they ran
 Elfin Knight fell horse and man;
 id a splinter of his lance
 ough Alexander's visor glance,
 razed the skin—a puny wound.
 ing, light leaping to the ground,
 naked blade his phantom foe
 belled the future war to show.
 Largs he saw the glorious plain,
 ere still gigantic bones remain,
 femorial of the Danish war;
 mself he saw, amid the field,
 high his brandished war-axe wield.
 And strike proud Haco from his car,
 hile, all around the shadowy kings,
 nmark's grim ravens cowered their wings.
 said, that, in that awful night,
 ter visions met his sight,

* Edward I., surnamed Longshanks.

Fore-showing future conquests far,
When our sons' sons wage northern war;
A royal city, tower and spire,
Reddened the midnight sky with fire;
And shouting crews her navy bore.
'Triumphant, to the victor shore.
Such signs may learned clerks explain,
They pass the wit of simple swain.

XXV.

"The joyful king turned home again,
Headed his host, and quelled the Dane;
But yearly, when returned the night
Of his strange combat with the sprite,
His wound must bleed and smart;
Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
'Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
The penance of your start.'
Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
King Alexander fills his grave,
Our Lady give him rest!
Yet still the nightly spear and shield,
The elfin warrior doth wield,
Upon the brown hill's breast;
And many a knight hath proved his chance
In the charmed ring to break a lance,
But all have foully sped;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—
Gentles, my tale is said."—

XXVI.

The quaighs * were deep, the liquor strong,
And on the tale the yeoman throng
Had made a comment sage and long,
But Marmion gave a sign;
And, with their lord, the squires retire,
The rest, around the hostel fire,
Their drowsy limbs recline;

* A wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together

pillow, underneath each head,
 quiver and the targe were laid:
) slumbering on the hostel floor,
 eassed with toil and ale, they snore:
 dying flame, in fitful change,
 w on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

t, and nestling in the hay
 waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;
 ce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
 foldings of his mantle green:
 tly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
 port by thicket or by stream,
 awk or hound, of ring or glove,
 ighter yet, of lady's love.
 utious tread his slumber broke,
 , close beside him, when he woke,
 oonbeam half, and half in gloom,
 ! a tall form, with nodding plume;
 ere his dagger Eustace drew,
 aster Marmion's voice he knew.

XXVIII.

z-Eustace! rise,—I cannot rest;
 url's wild legend haunts my breast,
 aver thoughts have chafed my mood;
 must cool my feverish blood;
 i would I ride forth, to see
 ie of elfin chivalry.
 d saddle me my steed;
 tile Eustace, take good heed
 t not rouse these drowsy slaves;
 ot that the prating knaves
 for saying, o'er their ale,
 ld credit such a tale."—
 r down the steps they slid,
 stable door undid,
 g, Marmion's steed arrayed,
 ering, thus the Baron said:—

XXIX.

“ Did’st never, good my youth, hear tell,
That in the hour when I was born,
St. George, who graced my sire’s chapelle,
Down from his steed of marble fell,
A weary wight forlorn?
The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me.
I would, the omen’s truth to show,
That I could meet this Elfin Foe!
Blithe would I battle, for the right
To ask one question at the sprite:—
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea,
To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or round the green oak wheel their ring.”—
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,
And marked him pace the village road,
And listened to his horse’s tramp,
Till, by the lessening sound,
He judged that of the Pictish camp
Lord Marmion sought the round.
Wonder it seemed, in the squire’s eyes,
That one, so wary held, and wise,—
Of whom ’twas said, he scarce received
For gospel what the church believed,—
Should, stirred by idle tale,
Ride forth in silence of the night,
As hoping half to meet a sprite,
Arrayed in plate and mail.
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
That passions, in contending flow,
Unfix the strongest mind;
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,

We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
But, patient, waited till he heard,
At distance, pricked to utmost speed,
The foot-tramp of a flying steed,
Come town-ward rushing on:
First, dead, as if on turf it trod,
Then clattering on the village road,—
In other pace than forth he yode,*
Returned Lord Marmion.

Down hastily he sprung from selle,
And, in his haste, well nigh he fell;
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
And spoke no word as he withdrew;
But yet the moonlight did betray
The falcon crest was soiled with clay:
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
By stains upon the chargers knee,
And his left side, that on the moor
He had not kept his footing sure.
Long musing on these wondrous signs,
At length to rest the squire reclines,
Broken and short, for still, between,
Would dreams of terror intervene:
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
The first notes of the morning lark.

* Used by old poets for *went*



Introduction to Canto Fourth.

—o—
TO

JAMES SKENE, ESQ.

ASHESTIEL, ETTRICKE FOREST

AN ancient minstrel sagely said,
"Where is the life which late we led?"—
That motley clown, in Arden wood,
Whom humorous Jaques, with envy viewed,
Not even that clown could amplify,
On this trite text so long as I.
Eleven years we now may tell,
Since we have known each other well;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand;
And sure, through many a varied scene,
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone;
And though deep marked, like all below,
With chequered shades of joy and woe;
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Marked cities lost, and empires changed,
While here, at home, my narrower ken
Somewhat of manners saw, and men;
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fevered the progress of these years,

Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
The recollection of a dream,—
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now, it scarcely seems a day
Since first I tuned this idle lay;
A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied,
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspired my opening tale.
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore
Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh;
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettricke Pen,
Have don'd their wintry shrouds again;
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mixed with the rack, the snow-mists fly:
The shepherd, who, in summer sun,
Has something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;
He who, outstretched, the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
Viewed the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumbered o'er his tattered book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessened tide;—
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane;

The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine:
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides,
To open downs, and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep:
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain:
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

*Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,*

his summer couch by greenwood tree,
 his rustic kirk's* loud revelry,
 his native hill-notes, tuned on high,
 'o Marion of the blithesome eye;
 his crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
 and all Arcadia's golden creed?

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
 of human life the varying scene?
 Our youthful summer oft we see
 dance by on wings of game and glee,
 While the dark storm reserves its rage
 against the winter of our age:
 As he, the ancient chief of Troy,
 his manhood spent in peace and joy;
 but Grecian fires, and loud alarms,
 called ancient Priam forth to arms.
 Then happy those,—since each must drain
 his share of pleasure, share of pain,—
 Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
 'o whom the mingled cup is given;
 Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
 Whose joys are chastened by their grief.
 And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
 When thou of late wert doomed to twine,—
 just when the bridal hour was by,—
 the cypress with the myrtle tie;
 just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
 and blessed the union of his child,
 When love must change its joyous cheer,
 and wipe affection's filial tear.
 For did the actions, next his end,
 speak more the father than the friend:
 scarce had lamented Forbes paid
 the tribute to his minstrel's shade;
 the tale of friendship scarce was told,
 ere the *narrator's heart* was cold.

* *The Scottish harvest-home.*

Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind.
But not around his honoured urn
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn;
The thousand eyes his care had dried
Pour at his name a bitter tide;
And frequent falls the grateful dew,
For benefits the world ne'er knew.
If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name,
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,
"The widow's shield, the orphan's stay."
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
My verse intrudes on this sad theme;
For sacred was the pen that wrote,
"Thy father's friend forget thou not:"
And grateful title may I plead,
For many a kindly word and deed,
To bring my tribute to his grave:—
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recals our summer walks again;
When doing nought,—and, to speak true
Not anxious to find ought to do,—
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topic changed,
And desultory, as our way,
Ranged unconfined from grave to gay.
Even when it flagged, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too.
Thou gravely labouring to pourtray
The blighted oak's fantastic spray;
I spelling o'er, with much delight,
The legend of that antique knight,
Tirante by name, ycleped the White.
At either's feet a trusty squire,

Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
 Jealous, each others motions viewed,
 And scarce suppressed their ancient feud.
 The laverock whistled from the cloud;
 The stream was lively, but not loud;
 From the white-thorn the May-flower shed
 Its dewy fragrance round our head;
 Not Ariel lived more merrily
 Under the blossom'd bough, than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
 When Winter stript the summer's bowers:
 Careless we heard, what now I hear,
 The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
 When fires were bright, and lamps beamed gay,
 And ladies tuned the lovely lay;
 And he was held a laggard soul,
 Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl.
 Then, he, whose absence we deplore,
 Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
 The longer missed, bewailed the more;
 And thou, and I, and dear-loved R——,
 And one whose name I may not say,—
 For not Mimosa's tender tree
 Shrinks sooner from the touch than he.—
 In merry chorus, well combined,
 With laughter drowned the whistling wind.
 Mirth was within; and Care without
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
 Not but amid the buxom scene
 Some grave discourse might intervene—
 Of the good horse that bore him best,
 His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest:
 For, like mad Tom's,* our chiefest care,
 Was horse to ride, and weapon ware.
 Such nights we've had; and, though the game
 Of manhood be more sober tame,

* See King Lear

And though the field-day, or the drill,
Seem less important now—yet still
Such may we hope to share again.
The sprightly thought inspires my strain;
And mark, how like a horseman true,
Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.





CANTO THE FOURTH.



The Camp.

I.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark
The first notes of the merry lark.
The lark sung shrill, the cock he crew,
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
And, with their light and lively call,
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.

Whistling they came, and free of heart;

But soon their mood was changed:

Complaint was heard on every part,

Of something disarranged.

Some clamoured loud for armour lost;

Some brawled and wrangled with the host;

"By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear,
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"—

Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,

Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;

Although the rated horse-boy sware,

Last night he dressed him sleek and fair.

While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,

Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—

"Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!

Bevis lies dying in his stall:

To Marmion who the plight dare tell

Of the good steed he loves so well?"—

Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw

The charger panting on his straw

Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—
“What else but evil could betide,
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?
Better we had through mire and bush
Been lanthorn-led by Friar Rush.”*

II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guessed,
Nor wholly understood,
His comrades' clamorous complaints suppressed;
He knew Lord Marmion's mood.
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,
And did his tale display
Simply, as if he knew of nought
To cause such disarray.
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvelled at the wonders told,—
Passed them as accidents of course,
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
Had reckoned with their Scottish host;
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
“Ill thou deserv'st thy hire,” he said;
“Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?
Fairies have ridden him all night,
And left him in a foam!
I trust, that soon a conjuring band,
With English cross and blazing brand,
Shall drive the devils from this land,
To their infernal home:
For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trampled to and fro.”—
The laughing host looked on the hire,—
“Gramercy, gentle southern squire,

**Alas Will-o'-the-Wisp.* (See Note.)

you com'st among the rest,
ottish broadsword to be blest,
the brand, and sure the blow,
rt the pang to undergo."—
yed their talk,—for Marmion
w the signal to set on.
ner showing forth the way,
rneyed all the morning day.

IV.

ward way was smooth and good,
lumbie's and through Saltoun's wood,
ade, which, varying still,
a view of dale and hill;
ower closed, till over head
screen the branches made.
nt path," Fitz-Eustace said;
where errant knights might see
s of high chivalry;
t some damsel flying fast,
unbound, and looks aghast;
h and level course were here,
nce to break a spear.
are twilight nooks and dells;
i such, the story tells,
l kind, from danger freed,
il pay her champion's meed."—
e to cheer Lord Marmion's mind:
ce to show his lore designed;
ustace much had pored
huge romantic tome,
all-window of his home,
ed at the antique dome
xton or De Worde.
re he spoke,—but spoke in vain.
mion answered nought again.

V.

len distant trumpets shrill,
rolonged by wood and hill,

Were heard to echo far;
 Each ready archer grasped his bow,
 But by the flourish soon they know,
 They breathed no point of war.
 Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
 Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,
 Some opener ground to gain;
 And scarce a furlong had they rode,
 When thinner trees, receding, showed
 A little woodland plain,
 Just in that advantageous glade,
 The halting troop a line had made,
 As forth from the opposing shade
 Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang
 So late the forest echoes rang;
 On prancing steeds they forward pressed,
 With scarlet mantle, azure vest;
 Each at his trump a banner wore,
 Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore:
 Herald and pursuivants, by name
 Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothsay, came,
 In painted tabards, proudly showing
 Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
 Attendant on a King-at-arms,
 Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
 That feudal strife had often quelled,
 When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age;
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
 As on king's errand come;
 But in the glances of his eye.
 A penetrating, keen, and sly,
 Expression found its home;
 The flash of that satiric rage,
 Which, bursting on the early stage,
 Branded the vices of the age,

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And broke the keys of Rome.
 On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;
 His cap of maintenance was graced
 With the proud heron-plume.
 From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,
 Silk housings swept the ground,
 With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
 Embroidered round and round.
 The double tressure might you see,
 First by Achaius borne,
 The thistle, and the fleur-de-lis,
 And gallant unicorn.
 So bright the king's armorial coat,
 That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
 In living colours, blazoned brave,
 The Lion, which his title gave.
 A train, which well beseeemed his state,
 But all unarmed, around him wait.
 Still is thy name in high account,
 And still thy verse has charms,
 Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
 Lord Lion King-at-arms !

VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,
 Soon as he saw the Lion-King ;
 For well the stately Baron knew,
 To him such courtesy was due.
 Whom royal James himself had crowned,
 And on his temples placed the round
 Of Scotland's ancient diadem ;
 And wet his brow with hallowed wine,
 And on his finger gave to shine
 The emblematic gem.
 Their mutual greetings duly made,
 The Lion thus his message said :—
 “ Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore,
Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court :

The sounds that drive wild deer
To shelter in the brake and roe
Are warnings which the shepherd
To dismal and to dangerous task
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in
The blast may sink in mellowing
Till, dark above, and white below
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must
Long, with dejected look and whi
To leave the hearth his dogs repin
Whistling, and cheering them to a
Around his back he wreathes the p
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs, and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming f
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging si
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain:
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,

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Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,
And honours much his warlike fame,
My liege hath deemed it shame, and lack
Of courtesy, to turn him back :
And, by his order, I, your guide,
Must lodging fit and fair provide,
Till finds King James meet time to see
The flower of English chivalry."

IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may.
The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
Beholding thus his place supplied,
Sought to take leave in vain ;
Strict was the Lion-King's command
That none who rode in Marmion's band
Should sever from the train :
" England has here enow of spies
In Lady Heron's witching eyes ;"
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made.
The right-hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X.

At length up that wild dale the wind,
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank ;
For there the Lion's care assigned
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne :
And far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
*The towers in different ages rose ;
Their various architecture shows
Their builders' various hands :*

A mighty mass, that could oppose,
 When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
 The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court
 But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
 Thy turrets rude, and tottered Keep,
 Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
 Oft have I traced within thy fort,
 Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
 Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
 Quartered in old armorial sort,
 Remains of rude magnificence :
 Nor wholly yet hath time defaced
 Thy lordly gallery fair ;
 Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
 Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
 Adorn thy ruined stair.
 Still rises unimpaired below,
 The court-yard's graceful portico ;
 Above its cornice, row and row
 Of fair hewn facets richly show
 Their pointed diamond form,
 Though there but houseless cattle go
 To shield them from the storm.
 And, shuddering, still we may explore,
 Where oft whilome were captives pent,
 The darkness of thy Massy More ; *
 Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
 May trace, in undulating line,
 The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun showed,
 As through its portal Marmion rode ;
 But yet 'twas melancholy state
 Received him at the outer gate ;
 For none were in the castle then,
But women, boys, or aged men.

* The pit, or prison vault. (See Note.)

With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,
To welcome noble Marmion, came ;
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
Proffered the Baron's rein to hold ;
For each man, that could draw a sword,
Had marched that morning with their lord,
Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.
Long may his Lady look in vain !
She ne'er shall see his gallant train
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.
'Twas a brave race, before the name
Of hated Bothwell stained their fame.

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
With every rite that honour claims,
Attended as the King's own guest,—
Such the command of royal James:
Who marshalled then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
Perchance he would not foeman's eye,
Upon his gathering host should pry,
Till full prepared was every band,
To march against the English land.
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit
Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit ;
And, in his turn, he knew to prize
Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—
Trained in the lore of Rome, and Greece,
And policies of war and peace.

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walked,
And, by the slowly fading light,
Of varying topics talked ;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard
Said Marmion might his toil have spared,



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In travelling so far ;
 For that a messenger from heaven
 In vain to James had counsel given
 Against the English war :
 And, closer questioned, thus he told
 A tale, which chronicles of old
 In Scottish story have enrolled :—

XV.

Sir David Lindsay's Tale.

Of all the palaces so fair,
 Built for the royal dwelling,
 In Scotland, far beyond compare
 Linlithgow is excelling ;
 And in its park, in jovial June,
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
 How blithe the blackbird's lay !
 The wild buck bells* from ferny brake,
 The coot dives merry on the lake,
 The saddest heart might pleasure take,
 To see all nature gay.
 But June is to our Sovereign dear
 The heaviest month in all the year :
 Too well his cause of grief you know,—
 June saw his father's overthrow.
 Woe to the traitors, who could bring
 The princely boy against his King !
 Still in his conscience burns the sting.
 In offices as strict as Lent,
 King James's June is ever spent.

XVI.

“ When last this ruthful month was come,
 And in Linlithgow's holy dome
 The King, as wont, was praying ;
 While for his royal father's soul
 The *chaunters sung*, the bells did toll,

* *An ancient word for the cry of deer.* (See Note.)

The Bishop mass was saying—
For now the year brought round again
The day the luckless king was slain—
In Katharine's aisle the monarch knelt,
With sackcloth shirt, and iron belt,
And eyes with sorrow streaming;
Around him, in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
Bedeafened with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Through the stained casement gleaming;
But, while I marked what next befell,
It seemed as I were dreaming.
Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,
I pledge to you my knightly word,
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace
So stately gliding on,—
Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the Saint,
Who propped the Virgin in her faint,—
The loved Apostle John.

XVII.

“ He stepped before the Monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made;
Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like these he said,
In a low voice,—but never tone
So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone:—

'My mother sent me from afar,
 Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
 Woe waits on thine array;
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
 James Stuart, doubly warned, beware:
 God keep thee as he may!'—
 The wondering Monarch seemed to seek
 For answer, and found none;
 And when he raised his head to speak,
 The monitor was gone.
 The marshal and myself had cast
 To stop him as he outward past;
 But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
 He vanished from our eyes,
 Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
 That glances but and dies."—

XVIII.

While Lindesay told this marvel strange,
 The twilight was so pale,
 He marked not Marmion's colour change,
 While listening to the tale:
 But, after a suspended pause,
 The Baron spoke:—"Of Nature's laws
 So strong I held the force,
 That never superhuman cause
 Could e'er control their course;
 And, three days since, had judged your aim
 Was but to make your guest your game.
 But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
 What much has changed my sceptic creed,
 And made me credit aught."—He staid,
 And seemed to wish his words unsaid:
 But, by that strong emotion pressed,
 Which prompts us to unload our breast,
 Even when discovery's pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.

Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance or of Clare;
The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems
To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couched my head:

Fantastic thoughts returned;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burned.
So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed, and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reached the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I passed through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,—
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX.

Thus judging, for a little space
I listened, ere I left the place;
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they served me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,

A mounted champion rise.—
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight, and mixed affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seemed starting from the gulph below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—

I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

XXI.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?

I rolled upon the plain.
High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—

Yet did the worst remain;
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
Not opening hell itself could blast

Their sight like what I saw!
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.

I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last;

For ne'er from visor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.

Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
But when to good Saint George I prayed,
(The first time e'er I asked his aid,)

He plunged it in the sheath;
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seemed to vanish from my sight;
The moonbeam drooped, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath.—

'Twere long to tell what cause I have
To know his face, that met me there,
Called by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air:
Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."—

XXII.

*Marvelled Sir David of the Mount;
Then, learned in story, 'gan recount*

Such chance had hap'd of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell, of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Bulmer bold,
And trained him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.

“And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broadsword, targe, and
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade,
Dark Tomantoul, and Achnaslaid.

Dromouchty, or Glenmore,*
And yet, whate'er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
These midnight terrors vain:
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour,
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unpretended sin.”—

Lord Marmion turned him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried,

Then pressed Sir David's hand,—
But nought, at length, in answer said;
And here their farther converse staid,

Each ordering that his band
Should bowne them with the rising day,
To Scotland's camp to take their way,—
Such was the King's command.

XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,
And I could trace each step they trode:

* See the traditions concerning Bulmer and the spectre
Lhamdeary, or Bloody-hand, in a note on *Car*



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Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
 Lies on the path to me unknown.
 Much might it boast of storied lore;
 But, passing such digression o'er,
 Suffice it, that their route was laid
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.
 They passed the glen and scanty rill,
 And climbed the opposing bank, until
 They gained the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.

Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
 Or listed, as I lay at rest,
 While rose on breezes thin,
 The murmur of the city crowd,
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,
 Saint Giles's mingling din.
 Now, from the summit to the plain,
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain;
 And o'er the landscape as I look,
 Nought do I see unchanged remain,
 Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
 To me they make a heavy moan.
 Of early friendships past and gone.

XXV.

But different far the change has been,
 Since Marmion, from the crown
 Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
 Upon the bent so brown:
 Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
 Spread all the Borough-moor below,
 Upland, and dale, and down:—
 A thousand did I say? I ween,
 Thousands on thousands there were seen,
 That chequered all the heath between
 The streamlet and the town;
 In crossing ranks extending far,
 Forning a camp irregular;

Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some reliques of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green :
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come ;
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,
 And charger's shrilling neigh ;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,
 The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare,
To embers now the brands decayed,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugged to war ;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,*
And culverins which France had given.
Ill-omened gift! the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

XXVIII.

Nor marked they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;

* Seven culverins so called, cast by one Borthwick.

Various in shape, device, and hue,
 Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
 Scroll, pennon, pensil, bándrol,* there
 O'er the pavilions flew.
 Highest, and midmost, was descried
 The royal banner, floating wide;
 The staff, a pine-tree strong and straight,
 Pitched deeply in a massive stone,
 Which still in memory is shown,
 Yet bent beneath the standard's weight,
 Whene'er the western wind unrolled,
 With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
 And gave to view the dazzling field,
 Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
 The ruddy Lion ramped in gold.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion viewed the landscape bright,—
 He viewed it with a chief's delight,—
 'Til within him burned his heart,
 And lightning from his eye did part,
 As on the battle-day;
 Such glance did falcon never dart,
 When stooping on his prey.
 "Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
 Thy King from warfare to dissuade
 Were but a vain essay;
 For, by Saint George, were that host mine,
 Not power infernal, nor divine,
 Should once to peace my soul incline,
 Till I had dimmed their armour's shine
 In glorious battle fray!"
 Answered the bard, of milder mood:
 "Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,
 That kings would think withal,
 When peace and wealth their land has blessed,

* Each of these fendal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them.

"Tis better to sit still at rest,
Than rise, perchance to fall."

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.

When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow

With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,

And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,

And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!

But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleaned a purple amethyst.

Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;

And, broad between them rolled,
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle-hand,

And, making demi-volte in air,
*Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!"*



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The Lindesay smiled his joy to see;
Nor Marmion's frown repressed his glee.

XXXI.

Thus while they looked, a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,
And fife, and kettle-drum,
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,

Did up the mountain come;
The whilst the bells, with distant chime,
Merrily tolled the hour of prime,

And thus the Lindesay spoke:—
“Thus clamour still the war-notes when
The King to mass his way has ta'en,
Or to St. Catherine's of Sienne,

Or chapel of Saint Rocque.
To you they speak of martial fame;
But me remind of peaceful game,
When blither was their cheer,
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,
In signal none his steed should spare,
But strive which foremost might repair
To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII.

“Nor less,” he said,—“when looking forth,
I view yon Empress of the North
Sit on her hilly throne;
Her palace's imperial bowers,
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
Her stately halls, and holy towers—

Nor less,” he said, “I moan,
To think what woe mischance may bring,
And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant King;
*Or, with their larum, call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,*

'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's leaguered wall.—

But not, for my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!

Lord Marmion, I say nay:—

God is the guider of the field,
He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—

But thou thyself shalt say,

When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
That England's dames must weep in bower,

Her monks the death-mass sing ;

For never saw'st thou such a power

Led on by such a King."—

And now, down winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain,

And there they made a stay.—

There stays the Minstrel, till he fling

His hand o'er every Border string,

And fit his harp the pomp to sing,

Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,

In the succeeding lay.





Introduction to Canto Fifth.

— o —
TO

GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.

EDINBURGH.

WHEN dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard;
When sylvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employed no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor;
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemned to rest and feed;
When from our snow-encircled home,
Scarce cares the hardiest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring;
When wrinkled news-page, thrice con'd o'er,
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, crossed,
Inveighs against the lingering post,

And answering house-wife sore complains
 Of carriers' snow-impeded wains;
 When such the country cheer, I come,
 Well pleased, to seek our city home:
 For converse, and for books, to change
 The Forest's melancholy range,
 And welcome, with renewed delight,
 The busy day, and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme
 Lament the ravages of time,
 As erst by Newark's riven towers,
 And Ettrick stripped of forest bowers.*
 True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,
 Since on her dusky summit ranged,
 Within its steepy limits pent,
 By bulwark, line, and battlement,
 And flanking towers, and lake flood,
 Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
 Denying entrance or resort,
 Save at each tall embattled port;
 Above whose arch, suspended, hung
 Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
 That long is gone,—but not so long,
 Since, early closed, and opening late,
 Jealous revolved the studded gate:
 Whose task, from eve to morning tide
 A wicket churlishly supplied,
 Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow
 Dun-Edin! O, how altered now,
 When safe amid thy mountain court
 Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
 And liberal, unconfined, and free,
 Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
 For thy dark cloud, with umbered lower,
 That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
 Thou gleam'st against the western ray
 Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

* See Introduction to Canto II.

Not she, the championess of old,
In Spenser's magic tale enrolled,—
She for the charmed spear renowned,
Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,—
Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,
What time she was Malbecco's guest,*
She gave to flow her maiden vest;
When from the corslet's grasp relieved,
Free to the sight her bosom heaved;
Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
Erst hidden by the aventayle;
And down her shoulders graceful rolled
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
They who whilome, in midnight fight,
Had marvelled at her matchless might,
No less her maiden charms approved,
But looking liked, and liking loved.†
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
And charm Malbecco's cares awhile;
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
Forgot his Columbella's claims,
And passion, erst unknown, could gain
The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane;
Nor durst light Paridel advance,
Bold as he was, a looser glance,—
She charmed, at once, and tamed the heart
Incomparable Britomarte!

So thou, fair City! disarrayed
Of battled wall, and rampart's aid,
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown;
Still, as of yore, Queen of the North!
Still canst thou send thy children forth.

* See "*The Fairy Queen*," Book III. Canto IX.

† "*For every one her liked, and every one her loved.*"

SPENSER, *as above*.

Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line;
For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
Thy thousands, trained to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell
The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.
And if it come, —as come it may,
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,—
Renowned for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with heaven may plead
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deigned to share;
That claim may wrestle blessings down
On those who fight for the good Town,
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty;
Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose,
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
Great Bourbon's reliques, sad she saw.

Truce to these thoughts!—for, as they
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to change,
For fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for tradition's dubious light,
That hovers 'twixt the day and night:
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see
Creation of my fantasy,
Then gaze abroad on reeky fen,
And make of mists invading men.—
Who loves not more the night of June
Than dull December's gloomy noon?

The moonlight than the fog of frost?
And can we say which cheats the most?

But who shall teach my harp to gain
A sound of the romantic strain,
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
Could win the Second Henry's ear,
Famed Beaclerc called, for that he loved
The minstrel, and his lay approved?
Who shall these lingering notes redeem,
Decaying on Oblivion's stream;
Such notes as from the Breton tongue
Marie translated, Blondel sung?—
O! born Time's ravage to repair,
And make the dying Muse thy care;
Who, when his scythe her hoary foe
Was poisoning for the final blow,
The weapon from his hand could wring,
And break his glass, and shear his wing,
And bid, reviving in his strain,
The gentle poet live again;
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
An unpedantic moral gay,
Nor less the dullest theme bid flit
On wings of unexpected wit;
In letters as in life approved,
Example honoured, and beloved,—
Dear ELLIS! to the bard impart
A lesson of thy magic art,
To win at once the head and heart,—
At once to charm, instruct, and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend!

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O!
No more by thy example teach
What few can practise, all can preach;
With even patience to endure
Lingering disease, and painful cure,

And boast affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given:
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come listen, then! for thou hast known,
And loved, the Minstrel's varying tone;
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure, rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,
With wonder heard the northern strain.
Come, listen!—bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and planned,
But yet so glowing and so grand;
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee
And all the pomp of chivalry.





CANTO THE FIFTH.

The Court.

I.

THE train has left the hills of Braid;
The barrier guard have open made,
(So Lindesay bade,) the palisade,
That closed the tented ground,
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound.
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,
Upon the Southern band to stare;
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought;
And little deemed their force to feel,
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,
When, rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through;
And much he marvelled one small land
Could marshal forth such various band:
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,

Like iron towers for strength and weight
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,

With battle-axe and spear.

Young knights and squires, a lighter train
Practised their chargers on the plain.

By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,

Each warlike feat to show;

To pass, the wheel, the croupe to gain
And high curvett, that not in vain
The sword-sway might descend again

On foeman's casque below.

He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,

For visor they wore none;

Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight
But burnished were their corselets bright
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,

Like very silver shone.

Long pikes they had for standing fight
Two-handed swords they wore,

And many wielded mace of weight,

And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dressed
In his steel jack, a swarthy vest

With iron quilted well;

Each at his back (a slender store)
His forty days' provision bore,

As feudal statutes tell.

His arms were halbard, axe, or spear,
A cross-bow there, a hagbut here,

A dagger-knife, and brand.—

Sober he seemed, and sad of cheer,
As loth to leave his cottage dear,

And march to foreign strand;

Or musing, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land.

Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie;—

More dreadful far his ire,
 Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,
 In eager mood to battle came,
 Their valour like light straw on flame,
 A fierce but fading fire.

IV.

Not so the Borderer:—bred to war,
 He knew the battle's din afar
 And joyed to hear it swell.
 His peaceful day was slothful ease;
 Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,
 Like the loud slogan yell.
 On active steed, with lance and blade,
 The light-armed pricker plied his trade,—
 Let nobles fight for fame;
 Let vassals follow where they lead,
 Burghers, to guard their townships, bleed,
 But war's the Borderers' game.
 Their gain, their glory, their delight,
 To sleep the day, maraud the night,
 O'er mountain, moss, and moor;
 Joyful to fight they took their way,
 Scarce caring who might win the day,
 Their booty was secure.
 These, as Lord Marmion's train passed by,
 Looked on, at first, with careless eye,
 Nor marvelled aught, well taught to know
 The form and force of English bow.
 But when they saw the Lord arrayed
 In splendid arms, and rich brocade,
 Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—
 “Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!
 Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?
 O! could we but, on Border side,
 By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,
 Beset a prize so fair!
 That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
 Might chance to lose his glistening hide;

Brown Maudlin of that doublet pied,
Could make a kirtle rare.

V.

Next Marmion marked the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of man;
Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,
And wild and garish semblance made,
The checquered trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes brayed
To every varying clan;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Looked out their eyes, with savage stare,
On Marmion as he past;
Their legs above the knee were bare;
Their frame was sinewy, short and spare,
And hardened to the blast;
Of taller race, the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted red-deer's undressed hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied;
The graceful bonnet decked their head;
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
A broad-sword of unwiedly length;
A dagger, proved for edge and strength
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The Isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mixed,
Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt.

VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they passed,
And reached the city gate at last,
Where all around, a wakeful guard,
Armed burghers kept their watch and ward.
Well had they cause of jealous fear,
When lay encamped, in field so near,
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with martial show;
At every turn, with dinning clang,
The armourer's anvil clashed and rang
Or toiled the swarthy smith, to wheel
The bar that arms the charger's heel;
Or axe, or faulchion, to the side
Of jarring grind-stone was applied.
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street, and lane, and market-place,
Bore lance, or casque, or sword;
While burghers, with important face,
Described each new-come lord,
Discussed his lineage, told his name,
His following,* and his warlike fame.—
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high o'erlooked the crowded street,
There must the Baron rest,
Till past the hour of vesper tide,
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King's behest.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines,
To Marmion and his train.
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindesay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

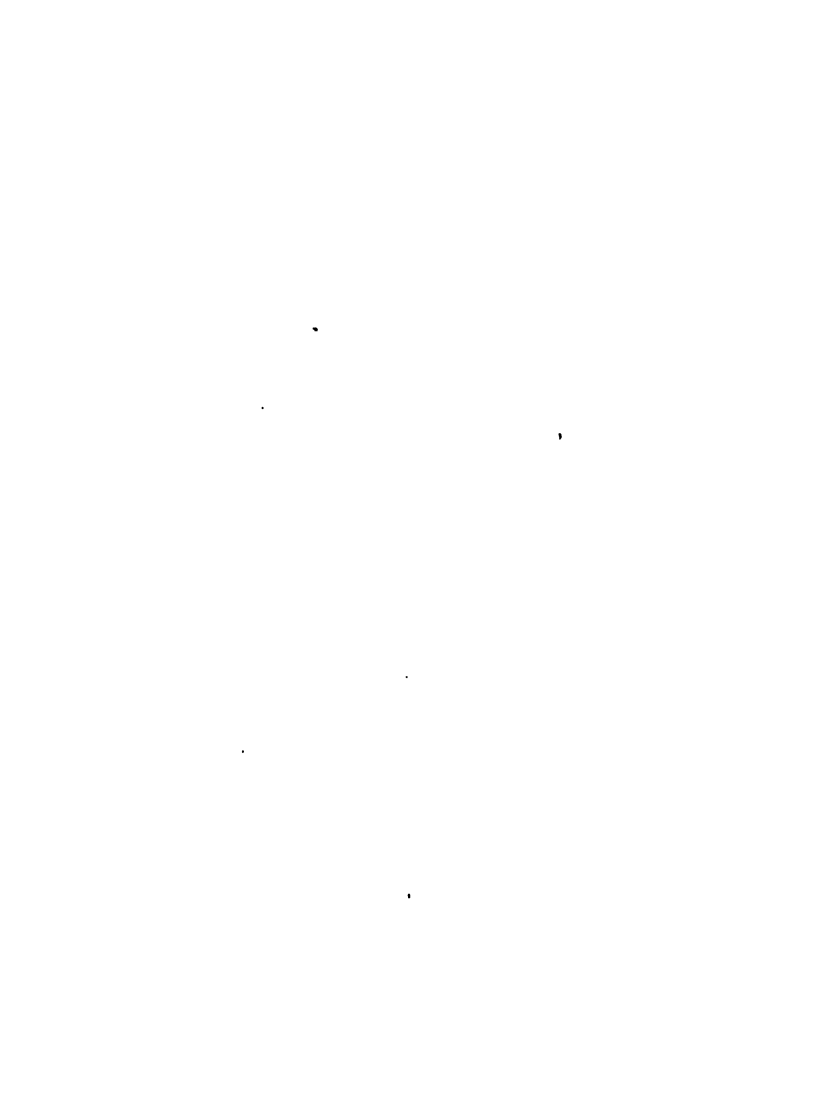
* *Following*—Feudal Retainers.

VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,
That night, with wassail mirth, and glee ;
King James within her princely bower,
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summoned to spend the parting hour ;
For he had charged, that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch aye,
The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The masquers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past ;
It was his blithest,—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay
Cast on the court a dancing ray ;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing ;
There ladies touched a softer string ;
With long-eared cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retailed his jest ;
His magic tricks the juggler plied ;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied ;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courtied the ladies of their heart,
Nor courtied them in vain ;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain ;
And flinty is her heart, can view,
To battle march a lover true,—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.

*Through this mixed crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,*





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While, reverend, all made room.
 An easy task it was, I trow,
 King James's manly form to know,
 Although, his courtesy to show,
 He doffed, to Marmion bending low,
 His broidered cap and plume.
 For royal were his garb and mein,
 His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
 Trimmed with the fur of martin wild ;
 His vest, of changeful sattin sheen,
 The dazzled eye beguiled ;
 His gorgeous collar hung adown,
 Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown.
 The thistle brave, of old renown ;
 His trusty blade, Toledo right,
 Descended from a baldrick bright ;
 White were his buskins, on the heel
 His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;
 His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
 Was buttoned with a ruby rare :
 And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen
 A prince of such a noble mein.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size ;
 For feat of strength, or exercise,
 Shaped in proportion fair ;
 And hazle was his eagle eye,
 And auburn of the darkest dye,
 His short curled beard and hair.
 Light was his footstep in the dance,
 And firm his stirrup in the lists ;
 And, oh ! he had that merry glance,
 That seldom lady's heart resists.
 Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joyed in banquet-bower ;

But, mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance-pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rushed, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright,
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside:
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tightened rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway:
To Scotland's court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a Turquois ring, and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love.
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand
And march three miles on southern land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
And thus for France's Queen, he drest,
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair,
His inmost counsels still to share;

And thus, for both, he madly planned
The ruin of himself and land!

And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's tower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day,
The war against her native soil,
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil ;—
And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew ;
And as she touched and tuned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall,
Was plainer given to view ;
For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And first she pitched her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
And then around the silent ring ;
And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play !
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung.

XII.

LOCHINVAR.

Lady Heron's Song.

*O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;*

And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all;

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.
The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better
by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochin-
var."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
 stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
 scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
 clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
 they ran:
 There was racing, and chasing, on Canobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

XIII.

The Monarch o'er the syren hung,
 And beat the measure as she sung;
 And, pressing closer, and more near,
 He whispered praises in her ear.
 In loud applause the courtiers vied;
 And ladies winked, and spoke aside.
 The witching dame to Marmion threw
 A glance, where seemed to reign
 The pride that claims applauses due,
 And of her royal conquest, too,
 A real or feigned disdain:
 Familiar was the look, and told,
 Marmion and she were friends of old.
 The King observed their meeting eyes,
 With something like displeased surprise;
 For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
 Even in a word, or smile, or look.
 Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
 Which Marmion's high commission showed.
 "Our Borders sacked by many a raid,
 Our peaceful liege-men robbed," he said;

"On day of truce our Warden slain,
Stout Barton killed, his vessels ta'en—
Unworthy were we here to reign,
Should these for vengeance cry in vain:
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,
And with stern eye the pageant viewed:
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in camp defy,
And all his minions led to die
On Lauder's dreary flat:
Princes and favourites long grew tame,
And trembled at the homely name,
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat.
The same who left the dusky vale
Of Hermitage in Liddesdale,
Its dungeons, and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell's bank is blooming fair,
To fix his princely bowers.
Though now, in age, he had laid down
His armour for the peaceful gown,
And for a staff his brand,
Yet often would flash forth the fire,
That could, in youth, a monarch's ire
And minion's pride withstand;
And even that day, at council board,
Unapt to sooth his sovereign's mood,
Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal Lord.

XV.

His giant-form, like ruined tower,
Though fallen its muscles' brawny vaunt,
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gau

Seemed o'er the gaudy scene to lower:
 His locks and beard in silver grew;
 His eye-brows kept their sable hue.
 Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,
 His bitter speech he thus pursued:—
 "Lord Marmion, since these letters say
 That in the North you needs must stay,

While slightest hopes of peace remain,
 Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
 To say—Return to Lindisfarn,

Until my herald come again.—
 Then rest you in Tantallon Hold;
 Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—
 A chief unlike his sires of old.

He wears their motto on his blade,
 Their blazon o'er his towers displayed;
 Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
 More than to face his country's foes.
 And, I bethink me, by Saint Stephen,

But e'en this morn to me was given
 A prize, the first fruits of the war,
 Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,

A bevy of the maids of heaven.
 Under your guard, these holy maids,
 Shall safe return to cloister shades,
 And, while they at Tantallon stay,
 Requiem for Cochrane's soul may say."—
 And, with the slaughtered favourite's name,
 Across the Monarch's brow there came
 A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

XVI.

In answer nought could Angus speak;
 His proud heart swelled well nigh to break
 He turned aside, and down his cheek

A burning tear there stole.
His hand the monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook:
"Now, by the Bruce's soul,

Angus, my hasty speech forgive!
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old,
I well may say of you,—
That never king did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,
More tender, and more true:*

Forgive me, Douglas, once again.”
And, while the King his hand did strain,
The old man's tears fell down like rain.
To seize the moment Marmion tried,
And whispered to the King aside:—
“Oh! let such tears unwonted plead
For respite short from dubious deed!
A child will weep at bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart:
But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wets his manly eye!”—

XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger viewed
And tampered with his changing mood.
“Laugh those that can, weep those that may,”
Thus did the fiery Monarch say,
“Southward I march by break of day;
And if within Tantallon strong,
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
Perchance our meeting next may fall,
At Tamworth, in his castle-hall.”
The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
And answered, grave, the royal vaunt:
“Much honoured were my humble home,
If in its halls King James should come;
But Nottingham has archers good,

* O Dowglas! Dowglas!
Tender and true.
The Howlat.

And Yorkshire men are stern of mood;
 Northumbrian pricklers wild and rude.
 On Derby Hills the paths are steep;
 In Ouse and Tyne the Fords are deep;
 And many a banner will be torn,
 And many a knight to earth be borne,
 And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
 Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent:
 Yet pause, brave prince, while yet you may."—
 The Monarch lightly turned away,
 And to his nobles loud did call,—
 "Lords, to the dance,—a hall! a hall!"*
 Himself his cloak and sword flung by
 And led Dame Heron gallantly;
 And minstrels, at the royal order,
 Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell
 What to Saint Hilda's maids befel,
 Whose galley, as they sailed again
 To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.
 Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,
 Till James should of their fate decide;
 And soon, by his command,
 Were gently summoned to prepare
 To journey under Marmion's care,
 As escort honoured, safe, and fair,
 Again to English land.
 The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,
 Nor knew which Saint she should implore;
 For when she thought of Constance, sore
 She feared Lord Marmion's mood.
 And judge what Clara must have felt!
 The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,
 Had drunk De Wilton's blood.
 Unwittingly, King James had given,
 As guard to Whitby's shades,
 The man most dreaded under heaven
 * The ancient cry to make room for a dance, or pageant

By these defenceless maids;
Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner and nun,
Mid bustle of a war begun?
They deemed it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assigned,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, joined;
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who warned him by a scroll,
She had a secret to reveal,
That much concerned the Church's weal,
And health of sinners' soul;
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,
Above the stately street;
To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

XX.

At night in secret there they came,
The Palmer and the holy dame.
The moon among the clouds rode high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing
On Giles's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade;
There on their brows the moon-beam broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,

And on the casements played.
 And other light was none to see,
 Save torches gliding far,
 Before some chieftain of degree,
 Who left the royal revelry
 To bowne him for the war.—
 A solemn scene the Abbess chose;
 A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

XXI.

"O, holy Palmer!" she began,—
 "For sure he must be sainted man,
 Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
 Where the Redeemer's tomb is found;—
 For his dear Church's sake, my tale
 Attend, nor deem of light avail,
 Though I must speak of wordly love,—
 How vain to those who wed above!—
 De Wilton and Lord Marmion wooed
 Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood;
 (Idle it were of Whitby's dame,
 To say of that same blood I came;)
 And once, when jealous rage was high.
 Lord Marmion said despiteously,
 Wilton was traitor in his heart,
 And had made league with Martin Swart,*
 When he came here on Simnel's part;
 And only cowardice did restrain
 His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—
 And down he threw his glove;—the thing
 Was tried, as wont, before the King;
 Where frankly did De Wilton own,
 That Swart in Guelders he had known;
 And that between them then there went
 Some scroll of courteous compliment.
 For this he to his castle sent

* A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield.

But when his messenger returned,
 Judge how De Wilton's fury burned!
 For in his packet there were laid
 Letters that claimed disloyal aid,
 And proved King Henry's cause betrayed.
 His fame, thus blighted, in the field
 He strove to clear, by spear and shield;—
 To clear his fame in vain he strove,
 For wondrous are His ways above!
 Perchance some form was unobserved;
 Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved;
 Else how could guiltless champion quail,
 Or how the blessed ordeal fail?

XXII.

"His squire, who now De Wilton saw
 As recreant doomed to suffer law,
 Repentant, owned in vain,
 That, while he had the scrolls in care,
 A stranger maiden, passing fair,
 Had drenched him with a beverage rare;
 His words no faith could gain.
 With Clare alone he credence won,
 Who, rather than wed Marmion,
 Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,
 To give our house her livings fair,
 And die a vestal vot'ress there.
 The impulse from the earth was given,
 But bent her to the paths of heaven.
 A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
 Ne'er sheltered her in Whitby's shade,
 No, not since Saxon Edelfled;
 Only one trace of earthly strain,
 That for her lover's loss
 She cherishes a sorrow vain,
 And murmurs at the cross.—
 And then her heritage;—it goes
 Along the banks of Tame;
 Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,
 In meadows rich the heifer lows,

The falconer, and huntsman, knows
 Its woodlands for the game.
 Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
 And I, her humble vot'ress here,
 Should do a deadly sin,
 Her temple spoiled before mine eyes,
 If this false Marmion such a prize
 By my consent should win :
 Yet hath our boisterous Monarch sworn,
 That Clare shall from our house be torn,
 And grievous cause have I to fear,
 Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

"Now, prisoner, helpless, and betrayed
 To evil power, I claim thine aid,
 By every step that thou has trod
 To holy shrine, and grotto dim ;
 By every martyr's tortured limb ;
 By angel, saint, and seraphim,
 And by the Church of God !
 For mark :—When Wilton was betrayed,
 And with his squire forged letters laid,
 She was, alas ! that sinful maid,
 By whom the deed was done,—
 O ! shame and horror to be said !—
 She was a perjured nun :
 No clerk in all the land, like her,
 Traced quaint and varying character.
 Perchance you may a marvel deem,
 That Marmion's paramour,
 (For such vile thing she was,) should scheme
 Her lover's nuptial hour ;
 But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
 As privy to his honour's stain,
 Illimitable power :
 For this she secretly retained
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal ;
And thus Saint Hilda deigned,

Through sinner's perfidy impure,
Her house's glory to secure,
And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV.

"'Twere long, and needless, here to tell,
How to my hand these papers fell ;

With me they must not stay.

Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true !
Who knows what outrage he might do,

While journeying by the way?—

O ! blessed Saint, if e'er again
I venturous leave thy calm domain,
To travel or by land or main,

Deep penance may I pay !—

Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer :

I give this packet to thy care,
For thee to stop they will not dare ;

And, O ! with cautious speed,
To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
That he may show them to the King ;

And, for thy well-earned meed,
Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine,

While priests can sing and read.—

What ail'st thou?—Speak !"—For as he took
The charge, a strong emotion shook

His frame ; and, ere reply,
They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,
Like distant clarion feebly blown,

That on the breeze did die ;

And loud the Abbess shrieked in fear,
" Saint Withold save us !—What is here !

Look at yon City Cross !

See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear.

And blazoned banners toss !"—

XXV.

*Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
Rose on a turret octagon ;*

(But now is razed that monument,
 Whence royal edict rang,
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent,
 In glorious trumpet clang.
 O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
 Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
 A minstrel's mallison* is said.—)
 Then on its battlements they saw
 A vision, passing Nature's law,
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen;
 Figures, that seemed to rise and die,
 Ribber and sign, advance and fly,
 While nought confirmed could ear or eye
 Discern of sound or mien.
 Yet darkly did it seem, as there
 Heralds and Pursuivants prepare,
 With trumpet sound, and blazon fair
 A summons to proclaim;
 But indistinct the pageant proud,
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
 When flings the moon upon her shroud
 A wavering tinge of flame;
 Flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,
 This awful summons came:—

XXVI.

Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
 Whose names I now shall call,
 Scottish, or foreigner, give ear!
 Subjects of him who sent me here,
 To his tribunal to appear,
 I summon one and all:
 Cite you by each deadly sin,
 That e'er hath soiled your hearts within;
 Cite you, by each brutal lust,
 That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—
By wrath, by pride, by fear,

* i. e. Curse.

By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,
By the dark grave, and dying-groan !
When forty days are past and gone,
I cite you, at your Monarch's throne,
To answer and appear."

Then thundered forth a roll of names :—
The first was thine, unhappy James !

Then all thy nobles came;
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Ly'e,—
Why should I tell their separate style?

Each chief of birth and fame,
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
Fore-doomed to Flodden's carnage pile,

Was cited there by name:
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbay,
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,
The self-same thundering voice did say.—

But then another spoke:
"Thy fatal summons I deny,
And thine infernal lord defy,
Appealing me to Him on High,
Who burst the sinner's yoke."—

At that dread accent, with a scream,
Parted the pageant like a dream,
The summoner was gone.

Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,

And found her there alone.
She marked not, at the scene aghast,
What time, or how, the Palmer passed.

XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move,
Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,
Save when, for weal of those they love,
To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,

The tottering child, the anxious fair,
The gray-haired sire, with pious care,
To chapels and to shrines repair.
Where is the Palmer now? and where
The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?
Bold Douglas! to Tanvallon fair

They journey in thy charge:
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,
The Palmer still was with the band;
Angus, like Lindesay, did command,
That none should roam at large.

But in that Palmer's altered mien
A wondrous change might now be seen
Freely he spoke of war,
Of marvels wrought by single hand,
When lifted for a native land;
And still looked high, as if he planned
Some desperate deed afar.

His courser would he feed, and stroke,
And, tucking up his sable frocke,
Would first his metal bold provoke,

Then soothe, or quell his pride.
Old Hubert said, that never one
He saw, except Lord Marmion,
A steed so fairly ride.

XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind, there came,
By Eustace governed fair,
A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,
With all her nuns, and Clare.

No audience had Lord Marmion sought;
Ever he feared to aggravate
Clara de Clare's suspicious hate;

And safer 'twas, he thought,
To wait till, from the nuns removed,
The influence of kinsmen loved,

And suit by Henry's self approved,
Her slow consent had wrought.

His was no flickering flame, that dies
Unless when fanned by looks and sighs,
And lighted oft at lady's eyes;
He longed to stretch his wide command
O'er luckless Clara's ample land :
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
Although the pang of humbled pride
The place of jealousy supplied,
Yet conquest, by that meanness won
He almost loathed to think upon.
Led him, at times, to hate the cause,
Which made him burst through honour's laws.
If e'er he loved, 'twas her alone,
Who died within that vault of stone.

XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw
North-Berwick's town, and lofty Law,
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,
Before a venerable pile,
Whose turrets viewed, afar,
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,
The ocean's peace, or war.
At tolling of a bell, forth came
The convent's venerable Dame,
And prayed Saint Hilda's Abbess rest
With her, a loved and honoured guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare,
To waft her back to Whitby fair.
Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
And thanked the Scottish Prioress ;
And tedious were to tell, I ween,
The courteous speech that passed between.
O'erjoyed the nuns their palfreys leave ;
But when fair Clara did intend,
Like them, from horseback to descend,
Fitz-Eustace said,—“ I grieve,
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part.—

Think not discourtesy,
But Lords' commands must be obeyed ;
And Marmion and the Douglas said,
That you must wend with me.
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish Earl he showed,
Commanding, that, beneath his care,
Without delay, you shall repair,
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare."--

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaimed ;
But she, at whom the blow was aimed,
Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—
She deemed she heard her death-doom read.
" Cheer thee, my child ! " the Abbess said,
" They dare not tear thee from my hand,
To ride alone with armed band."

" Nay, holy mother, nay,"
Fitz-Eustace said, " the lovely Clare
Will be in Lady Angus' care,
In Scotland while we stay ;
And, when we move, an easy ride
Will bring us to the English side,
Female attendance to provide,
Befitting Gloster's heir ;
Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble lord,
By slightest look, or act, or word,
To harass Lady Clare.
Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy
That e'en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her, safe and free,
Within her kinsman's halls."—
He spoke, and blushed with earnest grace ;
His faith was painted on his face,
And Clare's worst fear relieved.
The Lady Abbess loud exclaimed
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,

Entreated, threatened, grieved;
To martyr, saint, and prophet prayed,
Against Lord Marmion inveighed,
And called the Prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book,
Her head the grave Cistercian shook:
"The Douglas, and the King," she said,
"In their commands will be obeyed;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon hall."

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again,—
For much of state she had,—
Composed her veil, and raised head,
And—"Bid," in solemn voice she said,
"Thy master, bold and bad,
The records of his house turn o'er,
And, when he shall there written see,
That one of his own ancestry
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry,
Bid him his fate explore!
Prancing in pride of earthly trust,
His charger hurled him to the dust,
And, by a base plebeian thrust,
He died his band before.
God judge 'twixt Marmion and me;
He is a chief of high degree,
And I a poor recluse;
Yet oft, in holy writ, we see
Even such weak minister as me
May the oppressor bruise:
For thus, inspired, did Judith slay
The mighty in his sin,
And Jael thus, and Deborah,"—
Here hasty Blount broke in:
"Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band;
St. Anton' fire theel wilt thou stand
All day, with bonnet in thy hand,

To hear the Lady preach?
By this good light! if thus we stay,
Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,
Will sharper sermon teach.
Come, d'on thy cap, and mount thy horse;
The Dame must patience take perforce."

XXXII.

"Submit we then to force," said Clare,
"But let this barbarous lord despair
His purposed aim to win;
Let him take living, land, and life;
But to be Marmion's wedded wife
In me were deadly sin:
And if it be the king's decree,
That I must find no sanctuary,
Where even a homicide might come,
And safely rest his head,
Though at its open portals stood,
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,
The kinsmen of the dead;
Yet one asylum is my own,
Against the dreadful hour;
A low, a silent, and a lone,
Where kings have little power.
One victim is before me there.—
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer
Remember your unhappy Clare!"—
Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows
Kind blessings many a one;
Weeping and wailing loud arose
Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes
Of every simple nun.
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,
And scarce : ude Blount the sight could bide.
Then took the squire her rein,
And gently led away her steed,
And, by each courteous word and deed,
To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,
When o'er a height they passed,
And, sudden, close before them showed
His towers, Tantallon vast;
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows;
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse.
By narrow draw-bridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, an entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square
Around were lodgings fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the Warder could descry
The gathering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.

Here did they rest.—The princely care
Of Douglas, why should I declare
Or say they met reception fair?
Or why the tidings say,
Which, varying, to Tantallon came
By hurrying posts, or fleeter fame,
With every varying day?
And, first, they heard King James had won
Etdall, and Wark, and Ford; and then
That Norham castle strong was ta'en.
At that sore marvelled Marmion;—
And Douglas hoped his monarch's hand
Would soon subdue Northumberland:
But whispered news there came,

That, while his host inactive lay
And melted by degrees away,
King James was dallying off the day
With Heron's wily dame.—
Such acts to chronicles I yield;
Go seek them there, and see:
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their post
Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain;
And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gathered in the southern land,
And marched into Northumberland,
And camp at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears without the trumpet call,
Began to chafe and swear:—
“A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near!
Needs must I see this battle-day:
Death to my fame, if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy:
No longer in his halls I'll stay.”
Then bade his band, they should array
For march against the dawning day.





Introduction to Canto Sixth.

— o —
TO

RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

MERTOUN-HOUSE, CHRISTMAS

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did the merry-men go,
To gather in the misletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner chuse;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the *green-garbed* ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;

What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The wassel round in good brown bowls,
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
 At such high-tide, her savoury goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in,
 And carols roared with blithesome din ;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery ;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
 But, O ! what maskers richly dight
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale ;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger in our northern clime
 Some remnants of the good old time ;
 And still, within our valleys here,
 We hold the kindred title dear,
 Even when perchance its far-fetched claim
 To Southron ear sounds empty name ;
 For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
 Is warmer than the mountain-stream.*
 And thus, my Christmas still I hold
 Where my great-grandsire came of old ;
 With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
 And reverend apostolic air—
 The feast and holy-tide to share,

* "Blood is warmer than water,"—a proverb used
 to indicate our family predilections.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

and mix sobriety with wine,
 and honest mirth with thoughts divine:
 small thought was his, in after time
 'er to be hitched into a rhyme.
 'he simple sire could only boast,
 'hat he was loyal to his cost;
 'he banished race of kings revered,
 and lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind
 s with fair liberty combined;
 Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
 and flies constraint the magic wand
 Of the fair dame that rules the land.
 Little we heed the tempest drear,
 While music, mirth, and social cheer,
 speed on their wings the passing year.
 and Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,
 When not a leaf is on the bough.
 'weed loves them well, and turns again,
 s loath to leave the sweet domain;
 d holds his mirror to her face,
 d clips her with a close embrace:—
 dly as he, we seek the dome,
 l as reluctant turn us home.

ow just, that at this time of glee,
 houghts should, Heber, turn to thee!
 many a merry hour we've known,
 heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
 then, my friend! a moment cease,
 ave these classic tomes in peace!
 an and of Grecian lore
 ortal brain can hold no more.
 ncients, as Noll Bluff might say,
 pretty fellows in their day,"*
 and tide o'er all prevail—
 tmas eve a Christmas tale—
 bal was a pretty fellow, sir—a very pretty fel-
 v."—*Old Bachelor*.

Of wonder and of war—"Profane!
What! leave the lofty Latian strain,
Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
To hear the clash of rusty arms;
In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,
To jostle conjuror and ghost,
Goblin and witch!"—Nay, Heber, dear,
Before you touch my charter, hear.
Though Leyden aids, alas! no more,
My cause with many-languaged lore,
This may I say:—in realms of death
Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith*;
Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,
The ghost of murdered Polydore;
For omens, we in Livy cross,
At every turn, *locutus Bos*.
As grave and duly speaks that ox,
As if he told the price of stocks;
Or held, in Rome republican,
The place of Common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,
Their legends wild of woe and fear.
To Cambria look—the peasant see,
Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
And shun "the spirit's blasted tree."
The Highlander, whose red claymore
The battle turned on Maida's shore,
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
If asked to tell a fairy tale;
He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
Who leaves that day his grassy ring;
Invisible to human ken,
He walks among the sons of men.

Didst e'er, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair?—

Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amassed through rapine and through wrong,
By the last lord of Franchémont.
The iron chest is bolted hard,
A Huntsman sits in constant guard:
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is slung;
Before his feet his bloodhounds lie:
An 'twere not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look,
As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
Or ever hollowed to a hound.
To chase the fiend, and win the prize,
In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged Necromantic Priest;
It is an hundred years at least,
Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,
And neither yet has lost or won.
And oft the Conjuror's words will make
The stubborn Demon groan and quake;
And oft the bands of iron break,
Or bursts one lock, that still amain,
Fast as 'tis opened, shuts again.
That magic strife within the tomb
May last until the day of doom,
Unless the Adept shall learn to tell
The very word that clenched the spell,
When Franch'mont locked the treasure cell.
An hundred years are past and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
Excuse for old Pitscottie say;
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from heaven,
That warned, in Lithgow, Scotland's 'King,
Nor less the infernal summoning;

May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,
Whose Demon fought in Gothic mail;
May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave.
But why such instances to you,
Who, in an instant, can review
Your treasured hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more?
Hoards, not like their's whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest;
While gripple owners still refuse
To others what they cannot use;
Give them the priest's whole century,
They shall not spell you letters three;
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfered gem.
Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart;
Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
Can, like the owner's self, enjoy them?—
But, hark! I hear the distant drum:
The day of Flodden field is come.—
Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,
And store of literary wealth.





CANTO THE SIXTH.

—o—

The Battle.

I.

WHILE great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demeanour, changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
He snuffed the battle from afar;
And hopes were none, that back again
Herald should come from Terouenne,
Where England's King in leaguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day;
While these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the Dame's devotions share:
For the good Countess ceaseless prayed
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high Baronial pride,—
A life both duli and dignified;—
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing pressed
Upon her intervals of rest,
Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthened prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart. •

II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.
Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repelled the insult of the air,
Which, when the tempest vexed the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
Above the rest, a turret square
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;
The Bloody Heart was in the field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where
A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go;
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign;
Above the booming ocean leant
The far-projecting battlement;
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works, and walls, were strongly manned;
No need upon the sea-girt side;
The steepy rock, and frantic tide,
Approach of human step denied;
And thus these lines, and ramparts rude,
Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these battlements repair,
And muse upon her sorrows there,

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	466	467	468	469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476	477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484	485	486	487	488	489	490	491	492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510	511	512	513	514	515	516	517	518	519	520	521	522	523	524	525	526	527	528	529	530	531	532	533	534	535	536	537	538	539	540	541	542	543	544	545	546	547	548	549	550	551	552	553	554	555	556	557	558	559	560	561	562	563	564	565	566	567	568	569	570	571	572	573	574	575	576	577	578	579	580	581	582	583	584	585	586	587	588	589	590	591	592	593	594	595	596	597	598	599	600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610	611	612	613	614	615	616	617	618	619	620	621	622	623	624	625	626	627	628	629	630	631	632	633	634	635	636	637	638	639	640	641	642	643	644	645	646	647	648	649	650	651	652	653	654	655	656	657	658	659	660	661	662	663	664	665	666	667	668	669	670	671	672	673	674	675	676	677	678	679	680	681	682	683	684	685	686	687	688	689	690	691	692	693	694	695	696	697	698	699	700	701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709	710	711	712	713	714	715	716	717	718	719	720	721	722	723	724	725	726	727	728	729	730	731	732	733	734	735	736	737	738	739	740	741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748	749	750	751	752	753	754	755	756	757	758	759	760	761	762	763	764	765	766	767	768	769	770	771	772	773	774	775	776	777	778	779	780	781	782	783	784	785	786	787	788	789	790	791	792	793	794	795	796	797	798	799	800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810	811	812	813	814	815	816	817	818	819	820	821	822	823	824	825	826	827	828	829	830	831	832	833	834	835	836	837	838	839	840	841	842	843	844	845	846	847	848	849	850	851	852	853	854	855	856	857	858	859	860	861	862	863	864	865	866	867	868	869	870	871	872	873	874	875	876	877	878	879	880	881	882	883	884	885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892	893	894	895	896	897	898	899	900	901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909	910	911	912	913	914	915	916	917	918	919	920	921	922	923	924	925	926	927	928	929	930	931	932	933	934	935	936	937	938	939	940	941	942	943	944	945	946	947	948	949	950	951	952	953	954	955	956	957	958	959	960	961	962	963	964	965	966	967	968	969	970	971	972	973	974	975	976	977	978	979	980	981	982	983	984	985	986	987	988	989	990	991	992	993	994	995	996	997	998	999	1000	1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009	1010	1011	1012	1013	1014	1015	1016	1017	1018	1019	1020	1021	1022	1023	1024	1025	1026	1027	1028	1029	1030	1031	1032	1033	1034	1035	1036	1037	1038	1039	1040	1041	1042	1043	1044	1045	1046	1047	1048	1049	1050	1051	1052	1053	1054	1055	1056	1057	1058	1059	1060	1061	1062	1063	1064	1065	1066	1067	1068	1069	1070	1071	1072	1073	1074	1075	1076	1077	1078	1079	1080	1081	1082	1083	1084	1085	1086	1087	1088	1089	1090	1091	1092	1093	1094	1095	1096	1097	1098	1099	1100	1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109	1110	1111	1112	1113	1114	1115	1116	1117	1118	1119	1120	1121	1122	1123	1124	1125	1126	1127	1128	1129	1130	1131	1132	1133	1134	1135	1136	1137	1138	1139	1140	1141	1142	1143	1144	1145	1146	1147	1148	1149	1150	1151	1152	1153	1154	1155	1156	1157	1158	1159	1160	1161	1162	1163	1164	1165	1166	1167	1168	1169	1170	1171	1172	1173	1174	1175	1176	1177	1178	1179	1180	1181	1182	1183	1184	1185	1186	1187	1188	1189	1190	1191	1192	1193	1194	1195	1196	1197	1198	1199	1200	1201	1202	1203	1204	1205	1206	1207	1208	1209	1210	1211	1212	1213	1214	1215	1216	1217	1218	1219	1220	1221	12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And list the sea-bird's cry ;
Or slow, like noon-tide ghost, would glide
Along the dark-gray bulwarks' side,
And ever on the heaving tide
Look down with weary eye.
Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,
Recal the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—
A home she ne'er might see again ;
For she had laid adown,
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
And frontlet of the cloister pale,
And Benedictine gown :
It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.—
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,
Again adorned her brow of snow ;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,
A deep and fretted broidery bound,
In golden foldings sought the ground ;
Of holy ornament, alone
Remained a cross with ruby stone ;
And often did she look
On that which in her hand she bore,
With velvet bound, and broidered o'er,
Her breviary book.
In such a place, so lone, so grim,
At dawning pale, or twilight dim,
It fearful would have been,
To meet a form so richly dressed,
With book in hand, and cross on breast,
And such a woeful mien.
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practise on the gull and crow,
Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,
And did by Mary swear,—
Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,
Or, in romance, some spell-bound queen ;
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen
A form so witching fair.

IV.

Once walking thus, at evening tide,
 It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
 And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess there,
 Perchance, does to her home repair;
 Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,
 Waiks hand in hand with Charity;
 Where oft Devotion's tranced glow
 Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,
 That the enraptured sisters see
 High vision, and deep mystery;
 The very form of Hilda fair,*
 Hovering upon the sunny air,
 And smiling on her votaries' prayer.
 O! wherefore, to my duller eye,
 Did still the Saint her form deny!
 Was it, that, seared by sinful scorn,
 My heart could neither melt nor burn?
 Or lie my warm affections low,
 With him that taught them first to glow?—
 Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew,
 To pay thy kindness grateful due,
 And well could brook the mild command,
 That ruled thy simple maiden band.—
 How different now! condemned to bide
 My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.—
 But Marmion has to learn, ere long,
 That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
 Descended to a feeble girl,
 From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:
 Of such a stem, a sapling weak,
 He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

V.

"But see!—what makes this armour here?"

For in her path there lay
 Targe, corslet, helm;—she viewed them near.—
 "The breast-plate pierced!—Aye, much I fear,
 Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,

* See Note.

That hath made fatal entrance here,
 As these dark blood-gouts say.—
 Thus Wilton!—Oh! not corslet's ward,
 Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
 Could be thy manly bosom's guard,
 On yon disastrous day!"—
 She raised her eyes in mournful mood.—
 WILTON himself before her stood!
 It might have seemed his passing ghost,
 For every youthful grace was lost;
 And joy unwonted, and surprise,
 Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—
 Expect not, noble dames and lords,
 That I can tell such scene in words:
 What skilful limner e'er would chuse
 To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
 Unless to mortal it were given
 'To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
 Far less can my weak line declare
 Each changing passion's shade;
 Brightening to rapture from despair,
 Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
 And joy, with her angelic air,
 And hope, that paints the future fair,
 Their varying hues displayed:
 Each o'er its rival's ground extending.
 Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
 Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
 And mighty Love retains the field.
 Shortly I tell what then he said,
 By many a tender word delayed,
 And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
 And question kind, and fond reply.

VI.

Dr Wilton's History.

*"Forget we that disastrous day,
 When senseless in the lists I lay.*

Thence dragged,—but how I cannot know,
For sense and recollection fled,—
I found me on a pallet low,
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.
Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,
Said we would make a matchless pair? —
Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled
From the degraded traitor's bed,—
He only held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway.
But far more needful was his care,
When sense returned to wake despair;
For I did tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.
At length, to calmer reason brought,
Much by his kind attendance wrought,
With him I left my native strand,
And, in a palmer's weeds arrayed,
My hated name and form to shade,
I journeyed many a land;
No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.
Oft Austin for my reason feared,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
Or wild mad schemes upreared.
My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would remove him soon;
And while upon his dying bed,
He begged of me a boon—
If ere my deadliest enemy
Beneath my brand should conquered lie,
Even then my mercy should awake,
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

" Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en.

Full well the paths I knew;
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perished of my wound,—

None cared which tale was true:
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his palmer's dress;
For now that sable slough is shed,
And trimmed my shaggy beard and head,
I scarcely know me in the glass.

A chance most wond'rous did provide,
That I should be that Baron's guide—

I will not name his name!—
Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame!
And ne'er the time shall I forget,
When, in a Scottish hostel set,
Dark looks we did exchange:
What were his thoughts I cannot tell;
But in my bosom mustered Hell
● Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

" A word of vulgar augury,
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
Brought on a village tale;
Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
And sent him armed forth by night.

I borrowed steed and mail,
And weapons, from his sleeping band;
And, passing from a postern door,
We met, and 'countered, hand to hand,—
He fell on Gifford-moor.

For the death-stroke my brand I drew,
O then my helmed head he knew,

The palmer's cowl was gone,)
 Then had three inches of my blade
 The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—
 My hand the thought of Austin staid;

I left him there alone.—

O good old man! even from the grave,
 Thy spirit could thy master save:
 If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
 Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
 Given to my hand this packet dear,
 Of power to clear my injured fame,
 And vindicate De Wilton's name.—
 Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
 Of the strange pageantry of Hell,

That broke our secret speech—

It rose from the infernal shade,
 Or featly was some juggle played,

A tale of peace to teach.

Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
 When my name came among the rest.

IX.

“ Now here, within Tantallon Hold,
 To Douglas late my tale I told,
 To whom my house was known of old.
 Won by my proofs, his faulchion bright
 This eve anew shall dub me knight.

These were the arms that once did turn
 The tide of fight on Otterburne,
 And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
 When the Dead Douglas won the field.

These Angus gave—his armourer's care,
 Ere morn, shall every breach repair;
 For nought, he said, was in his halls,
 But ancient armour on the walls,

And aged chargers in the stalls,
 And women, priests, and gray-haired men
 The rest were all in Twisell glen.*

* Where James encamped before taking post or.

And now I watch my armour here.
 By law of arms, till midnight's near:
 Then, once again a belted knight,
 Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

X.

"There soon again we meet, my Clare!
 This Baron means to guide thee there:
 Douglas reveres his king's command,
 Else would he take thee from his band.
 And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,
 Will give De Wilton justice due.
 Now meeter far for martial broil,
 Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
 Once more"—"O, Wilton, must we then
 Risk new-found happiness again,
 Trust fate of arms once more?
 And is there not a humble glen,
 Where we, content and poor,
 Might build a cottage in the shade,
 A shepherd thou, and I to aid
 Thy task on dale and moor?—
 That reddening brow!—too well I know,
 Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,
 While falsehood stains thy name:
 Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!
 Clare can a warrior's feelings know,
 And weep a warrior's shame;
 Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
 Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
 And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
 And send thee forth to fame!"—

XI.

That night, upon the rocks and bay,
 The *midnight moon-beam* slumbering lay,
 And poured its silver light, and pure,
 Through loop-hole, and through embrasure.

Upon Tantallon tower and hall ;
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though, seamed with scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two gray priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Chequering the silvery moon-shine bright
A Bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white;
Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy:
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.
Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doffed his furred gown, and sable hood
O'er his huge form, and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand,
Which wont, of yore, in battle-fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
He seemed as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;

And think what next he must have felt,
 At buckling of the faulchion belt!
 And judge how Clara changed her hue,
 While fastening to her lover's side
 A friend, which, though in danger tried,
 He once had found untrue!
 Then Douglas struck him with his blade:
 "Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
 I dub thee knight.
 Arise Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
 For king, for church, for lady fair,
 See that thou fight."—
 And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
 Said,—“Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,
 Disgrace, and trouble,
 For He, who honour best bestows,
 May give thee double.”—
 De Wilton sobbed, for sob he must—
 “Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
 That Douglas is my brother!”—
 “Nay, nay,” old Angus said, “Not so;
 To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
 Thy wrongs no longer smother.
 I have two sons in yonder field;
 And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
 Upon them bravely—do thy worst;
 And foul fall him that blanches first!”—

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,
 When Marmion did his troop array
 To Surrey's camp to ride;
 He had safe-conduct for his band,
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide:
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,
 And whispered, in an under tone,
 “Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.”

The train from out the castle drew ;
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu :—
 " Though something I might plain," he said,
 " Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
 " My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
 Be open, at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer,
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation-stone—
 The hand of Douglas is his own ;
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—

XIV.

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
 And—" This to me!" he said,—
 " An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth:—"And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
 No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no!—
 Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."—
 Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the arch-way sprung,
 The ponderous grate behind him rung:
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim:
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band.
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
 "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
 But soon he reined his fury's pace:
 "A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name.—
 A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
 Did ever knight so foul a deed!
 At first in heart it liked me ill,
 When the King praised his clerkly skill.
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
 So *swore I*, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!

Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.—
"Tis pity of him, too," he cried ;
" Bold can he speak, and fairly ride :
I warrant him a warrior tried."—
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore ;
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
They crossed the heights of Stanrigg-moor.
His troop more closely there he scann'd,
And missed the Palmer from the band.—
" Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
" He parted at the peep of day ;
Good sooth it was in strange array."—
" In what array ?" said Marmion, quick.
" My lord, I ill can spell the trick ;
But all night long, with clink and bang,
Close to my couch did hammers clang ;
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
And from a loop-hole while I peep,
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,
Wrapped in a gown of sables fair,
As fearful of the morning air ;
Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work,
Against the Saracen and Turk :
Last night it hung not in the hall ;
I thought some marvel would befall.
And next I saw them saddled lead
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed ;
A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt to his paces, cool and bold.
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,
The Earl did much the Master pray*
To use him on the battle-day ;

* His eldest son, the Master of Angus.

But he preferred"—"Nay, Henry, cease!
 Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
 Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,
 What did Blount see at break of day?"—

XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried
 (For I then stood by Henry's side)
 The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,
 Upon the Earl's own favourite steed;
 All sheathed he was in armour bright,
 And much resembled that same knight,
 Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:

Lord Angus wished him speed."—
 The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
 A sudden light on Marmion broke;—
 "Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
 He muttered; "'Twas nor fay nor ghost,
 I met upon the moonlight wold,
 But living man of earthly mould.—

O dotage blind and gross!
 Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
 Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
 My path no more to cross.—
 How stand we now?—he told his tale
 To Douglas; and with some avail;

'Twas therefore gloomed his rugged brow.—
 Will Surrey dare to entertain,
 'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?

Small risk of that I trow.—
 Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun;
 Must separate Constance from the Nun—
 O what a tangled web we weave,
 When first we practise to deceive!—
 A Palmer too!—no wonder why
 I felt rebuked beneath his eye:
 I might have known there was but one,
 Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."—

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reached, at eve, the Tweed,
Where Lennel's convent closed their march :
(There now is left but one frail arch,

Yet mourn thou not its cells;
Our time a fair exchange has made;
Hard by, in hospitable shade,
A reverend pilgrim dwells,
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train, and Clare.
Next morn the Baron climbed the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,

Encamped on Flodden edge :
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.

Long Marmion looked :—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry,

Amid the shifting lines :
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sun-beam shines.

Their front now deepening, now extending ;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watched the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was ;—from Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post.
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile ;

Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,

Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,

Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,

To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?

Why sits that champion of the Dames
Inactive on his steed,

And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?

What veils the vain knight-errant's brand?—
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!

Fierce Randolph, for thy speed?

O for one hour of Wallace wight,

Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,

And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"

Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne!
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden-hill.

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,—
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what han,
My basnet to a 'prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—
Yet more! yet more!—how fair arrayed
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waxen from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly."—
"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount; "thoud'st best,
And listen to our lord's behest."—
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
"This instant be our band arrayed;
The river must be quickly crossed,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."—

XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;
Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.

Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
 And muttered, as the flood they view,
 "The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
 He scarce will yield to please a daw:
 Lord Augus may the Abbot awe,
 So Clare shall bide with me."
 Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
 Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
 He ventured desperately;
 And not a moment will he bide,
 Till squire, or groom, before him ride;
 Headmost of all he stems the tide,
 And stems it gallantly.
 Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
 Old Hubert led her rein,
 Stoutly they braved the current's course,
 And, though far downward driven per force,
 The southern bank they gain;
 Behind them, straggling, came to shore,
 As best they might, the train:
 Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
 A caution not in vain;
 Deep need that day that every string,
 By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
 A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
 And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
 Then forward moved his band,
 Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
 He halted by a cross of stone,
 That, on a hillock standing lone,
 Did all the field command.

XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
 Of either host, for deadly fray;
 Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,
 And fronted north and south,
 And distant salutation past
 From the loud cannon mouth;

Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,

But slow and far between.—

The hillock gained, Lord Marmion staid :

“Here, by this cross,” he gently said,

“You well may view the scene.

Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :

O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—

Thou wilt not?—well,—no less my care

Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—

You, Blount and Eustace are her guard.

With ten picked archers of my train ;

With England if the day go hard,

To Berwick speed amain.—

But, if we conquer, cruel maid !

My spoils shall at your feet be laid,

When here we meet again.”—

He waited not for answer there,

And would not mark the maid’s despair,

Nor heed the discontented look

From either squire ; but spurred amain,

And, dashing through the battle-plain,

His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

“——The good Lord Marmion, by my life

Welcome to danger’s hour !

Short greeting serves in time of strife :—

Thus have I ranged my power :

Myself will rule this central host,

Stout Stanley fronts their right,

My sons command the vaward post,

With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight ;

Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,

Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,

And succour those that need it most.

Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,

Would gladly to the vanguard go ;

Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,

With thee their charge will blithly share

ere fight thine own retainers too,
 neath De Burg, thy steward true."—
 Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
 or further greeting there he paid;
 it, parting like a thunder-bolt,
 rst in the vanguard made a halt,
 Where such a shout there rose
 "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
 o Flodden mountain shrilling high,
 Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

ount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
 ith Lady Clare upon the hill;
 i which, (for far the day was spent,)
 ie western sun-beams now were bent.
 ie cry they heard, its meaning knew,
 ould plain their distant comrades view:
 dly to Blount did Eustace say,
 Unworthy office here to stay!
 o hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
 it see! look up—on Flodden bent,
 ie Scottish foe has fired his tent."
 And sudden, as he spoke,
 om the sharp ridges of the hill,
 l downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke;
 olumed and vast, and rolling far,
 ie cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke;
 or martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 ounced their march; their tread alone,
 : times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
 old England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.—
 arce could they hear, or see their foes,
 til at weapon-point they close.
 ey close, in clouds of smoke and dust.
 h sword-sway, and with lance's thrust:

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eyes
Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and faulchions flashed amain
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight:
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle:
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,

And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied :
"Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
 The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry ;
 Loud were the clanging blows ;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose ;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear :—
" By heaven, and all its saints ! I swear,
 I will not see it lost !
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer.—
 I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too ;—yet staid,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
 When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes. his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,

A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone;
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scattered van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die.—"Is Wilton there?"—
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore;
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood, and sand:
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"—

XXIX.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!

Redeem my pennon,—charge again
 Cry—‘ Marmion to the rescue!’—Vain!
 Last of my race, on battle plain
 That shout shall ne’er be heard again!—
 Yet my last thought is England’s:—fly,
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield.
 Edmund is down;—my life is left;—
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland’s central host,
 Or victory and England’s lost.—
 Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die.”—
 ‘They parted, and alone he lay;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured,—“ Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nurst,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water, from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst!”

xxx.

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, ecy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the Baron’s casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,

Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
 For, oozing from the mountain wide.
 Where raged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
 A little fountain-cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
 In a stone bason fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say,
 “Drink, wearp. pilgrim, drink, and pray.
 For the kind. soul. of. Spbil. Cresp.
 Who. built. this. cross, and well.”
 She filled the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
 “Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
 “Or injured Constance, bathes my head?”
 Then, as remembrance rose,—
 “Speak not to me of shift or prayer!
 I must redress her woes.
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!”—
 “Alas!” she said, “the while,—
 O think of your immortal weal!
 In vain for Constance is your zeal;
 She——died at Holy Isle.”
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound;
 Though in the action burst the tide,
 In torrents, from his wounded side.

"Then it was truth!"—he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,

Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be!—this dizzy trance—

Curse on yon base marauder's lance,

And doubly cursed my failing brand!

A sinful heart makes feeble hand."—

Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,

Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,

And strove to staunch, the gushing wound:

The Monk, with unavailing cares,

Exhausted all the Church's prayers;

Ever, he said, that, close and near,

A lady's voice was in his ear,

And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,

"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,

Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"

So the notes rung;

"Avoid thee Fiend!—with cruel hand,

Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—

O look, my son, upon yon sign

Of the Redeemer's grace divine;

O think on faith and bliss!—

By many a death-bed I have been,

And many a sinner's parting seen,

But never aught like this."

The war, that for a space did fail,

Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,

And—STANLEY! was the cry;—

A light on Marmion's visage spread,

And fired his glazing eye:

With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!"—
"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" . . .
Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntley, and where Home?—
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come.
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain.
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils and bleeds and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
"O Lady," cried the Monk, "away!"—
And placed her on her steed;
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And, at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Claire.

XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.

The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed :
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their king.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men plie the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring ;

The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,

The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight ;—
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,

As fearlessly and well ;

Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands ;

And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,

Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,

Dissolves in silent dew.

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,

To gain the Scottish land ;

To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.

Tradition, legend, tune, and song,

*Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear*

Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
And broken was her shield!

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side:—
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one;
The sad survivors all are gone.—
View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to yon Border castle high
Look northward with upbraiding eye;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain:
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clenched within his manly hand,
Beseemed the monarch slain.
But, O! how changed since yon blithe night!—
Gladly I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.
(Now vainly for its site you look;
'Twas levelled, when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral stormed and took;
But, thanks to heaven, and good Saint Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)

There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised;
And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priests for Marmion breathed the prayer
The last lord Marmion lay not there.
From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain
Followed his lord to Flodden plain,—
One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as “wede away:”
Sore wounded, Sybil’s Cross he spied,
And dragged him to its foot, and died,
Close by the noble Marmion’s side.
The spoilers stripped and gashed the slain,
And thus their corpses were mista’en;
And thus, in the proud Baron’s tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
Lord Marmion’s nameless grave, and low.
They dug his grave e’en where he lay,
But every mark is gone;
Time’s wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,
And broke her font of stone:
But yet from out the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.
Oft halts the stranger there,
From thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
That holds the bones of Marmion brave.

When thou shalt find the little hill,
 With thy heart commune, and be still.
 If ever, in temptation strong,
 Thou left'st the right path for the wrong ;
 If every devious step, thus trode,
 Still led thee farther from the road ;
 Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom,
 On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;
 But say, " He died a gallant knight,
 With sword in hand, for England's right."

XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
 Who cannot image to himself,
 That all through Flodden's dismal night,
 Wilton was foremost in the fight ;
 That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
 'Twas Wilton mounted him again ;
 'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hewed,
 Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood :
 Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,
 He was the living soul of all ;
 That, after fight, his faith made plain,
 He won his rank and lands again ;
 And charged his old paternal shield
 With bearings won on Flodden field.—
 Nor sing I to that simple maid,
 To whom it must in terms be said,
 That king and kinsmen did agree
 To bless fair Clara's constancy ;
 Who cannot, unless I relate,
 Paint to her mind the bridal's state ;
 That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
 More, Sands, and Denny passed the joke
 That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
 And Catherine's hand the stocking threw
 And afterwards, for many a day,
 That it was held enough to say,
 In blessing to a wedded pair,
 " Love they like Wilton and like Clare!"

L'Envoi.**TO THE READER.**

Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede? *—
To statesman grave, if such may deign
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,
Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
And patriotic heart—as **PITT**!
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow soft to head of age.
To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task, and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light

* Used generally for *tail* or *discoursa*.







NOTES.

—o—

Notes to Canto First.

NOTE I.

*As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spirits and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse.—P. 14*

The Romance of the Morte Arthur contains a sort of abridgement of the most celebrated adventures of the Round Table; and, being written in comparatively modern language, gives the general reader an excellent idea of what romances of chivalry actually were. It has also the merit of being written in pure Old English; and many of the wild adventures which it contains are told with a simplicity bordering upon the sublime. Several of these are referred to in the text; and I would have illustrated them by more full extracts, but as this curious work is about to be republished, I confine myself to the tale of the Chapel Perilous, and of the quest of Sir Launcelot after the Sangreall.

"Eight so Sir Launcelot departed; and when he came to the Chapel Perilous, he alighted downe, and tied his horse to a little gate. And as soon as he was within the church-yard, hee saw, on the front of the chapell, many faire rich shields turned upside downe, and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seene knights have before, with that hee saw stand by him thirtie great knights, more, by a yard, than any man that ever he had seene, and all those grinned and gnashed at Sir Launcelot; and when hee saw their countenance, hee dread them sore, and so put his shield afore him, and tooke his sword in his hand, ready to doe battaile; and they were all armed in black barnels, ready, with their shields and swords drawn. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone through them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way; and therewith he waxed all bold, and entred into the chapell, and then hee saw no light but a dimme *lampe burning*, and then was he ware of a corps covered with a *cloath of alike*; then Sir Launcelot stooped downe, and cut a piece of that cloath away, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a little, whereof he was afearred, and then hee saw a faire

sword lye by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand, and hied him out of the chappell. As soon as he was in the chappell-yerd, all the knights spoke to him with a grimly voice, and said, 'Knight Sir Launcelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die.' 'Whether I live or die,' said Sir Launcelot, 'with no great words get yee it againe, therefore fight for it and yee list.' Therewith he passed through them; and, beyond the chappell-yerd, there met him a faire damosell, and said, 'Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it.' 'I will not leave it,' said Sir Launcelot, 'for no threats.' 'No,' said she; 'and ye did leave that sword, Queene Guenever should ye never see.' 'Then were I a foole and I would leave this sword,' said Sir Launcelot. 'Now, gentle knight,' said the damosell, 'I require thee to kisse me once.' 'Nay,' said Sir Launcelot, 'that, God forbid!' 'Well, sir,' said she, 'and thou haddest kissed me, thy life dayes had been done; but now, alas!' said she, 'I have lost all my labour; for I ordeined this chappell for thy sake, and for Sir Gawaine: and once I had Sir Gawaine within it; and at that time he fought with that knight which there lieth dead in yonder chappell, Sir Gilbert the bastard, and at that time hee smote off Sir Gilbert the bastards left hand. And so, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, that I have loved thee this seven years; but there may no woman have thy love but Queene Guenever; but sithen I may not rejoyce thee to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have had thy dead body; and I would have balm'd it and served, and so have kept it my life daies, and daily I should have elipp'd thee, and kissed thee, in the despite of Queene Guenever.' 'Yee say well,' said Sir Launcelot; 'Jesus preserve me from your subtil craft!' And therewith he took his horse and departed from her."

NOTE II.

*A sinful man, and unconfessed,
He took the Sangreol's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with waking eye.—P. 14*

One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreall, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten, a precious relick, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sins of the land, suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreall. But, alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evil conversation. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queene Guenever, or Ganore; and in this holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters as that which follows:—

"But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him; and at the last, he came unto a stone crosse, which departed two wayes, in waste land; and, by the crosse, was a ston that was of marble; but it was so darke, that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he wend to have found people. And so Sir Launcelot tied his horse as

a tree, and there hee put off his shield, and hung it upon a tree, and then hee went unto the chappell doore, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire alter, full richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a faire candlestick, which beare six great candles, and the candlesticke was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, he had a great will for to enter into the chappell, but he could find no place where hee might enter. Then was he passing heave and dimalaed. Then he returned, and came againe to his horse, and tooke off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced his helme, and ungirded his sword, and laid him downe to sleepe upon his shield before the crosse.

"And so he fell on sleepe, and halfe waking and halfe sleeping, hee saw come by him two palfries, both faire and white, the which beare a litter, therein lying a sicke knight. And when he was nigh the crosse, he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not verily, and hee heard him say, 'Oh sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessel come by me, where through I shal be blessed, for I have endured thus long for little trespass.' And thus a great while complained the knight, and allwiles Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlesticke, with the fire tapers, come before the crosse; but he could see no body that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessell of the Sangreall, the which Sir Launcelot had seen before, that time in king Petchour's house. And therewithall the sicke knight set him upright, and held up both his hands, and said, 'Faire sweete Lord, which is here within the holy vessell take heede to mee, that I may bee hole of this great malady.' And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that he touched the holy vessell, and kissed it: And anon he was hole, and then he said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this malady.' Soe when the holy vessell had been there a great while, it went unto the chappell againe with the candlesticke and the light, so that Sir Launcelot wist not where it became, for he was overtaken with sinne, that hee had no power to arise against the holy vessell, wherefore afterward many men said of him shame. But he tooke repentance afterward. Then the sicke knight dressed him upright, and kissed the crosse. Then anon his squire brought him his armes, and asked his lord how he did. 'Certainly,' said hee, 'I thanke God, right heartily, for through the holy vessell I am healed: But I have right great mervaille of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessell hath bene nere present.' 'I dare it right well say,' said the squire, 'that this same knight is defouled with some manner of deadly sinne, whereof he was never confessed.' 'By my faith,' said the knight, 'whatsoever he be, he is unhappie; for, as I deeme, hee is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entred into the quest of the Sangreall. 'Sir,' said the 'squire, here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and therefore, by mine assent, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword,' and so he did. And when he was cleane armed, he tooke Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

"Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himselfe upright, and he thought him what hee had there seene, and whether it were dreames or not; right so he heard a voice that said, 'Sir Launcelot, more hardy then is the stone, and more bitter then is the wood, and

more naked and bare than is the liefe of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir Launcelot heard this, hee was passing heavy, and wit not what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was borne; for then hee deemed never to have had more worship; for the worlde went unto his heart, till that he knew wherefore that he was so called."

NOTE III.

*And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribbald king and court
Bate him toil on, to make them sport;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play.—P. 15*

Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is contained in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the Translation of Juvenal. After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the book of Daniel, he adds:

"Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice; (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem,) and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should chuse that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year, for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event, for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons, (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages in the succession of our imperial line,)—with these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me."

NOTE IV.

Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold.—P. 16

The "History of Bevis of Hampton" is abridged by my friend Mr. George Ellis, with that liveliness which extracts amusement even out of the most rude and unpromising of our old tales of chivalry. Ascapart, a most important personage in the romance, is thus described in an extract:

This geaunt was mighty and strong,
And full thirty foot was long.
He was bristled like a sow;
A foot he had between each brow;
His lips were great, and hung aside;
His eyes were hollow; his mouth was wide;
Lothly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man.
His staff was a young oak,
Hard and heavy was his stroke.

Specimens of Metrical Romances, Vol. II. p. 136.

I am happy to say, that the memory of Sir Bervis is still fragrant in his town of Southampton; the gate of which is centinelled by the effigies of that doughty knight-errant, and his gigantic associate.

NOTE V.

*Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, &c.—P. 17*

The ruinous castle of Norham, (anciently called Ubbanford,) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened, in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained, rendered frequent repairs necessary. In 1164 it was almost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep, or donjon; notwithstanding which, King Henry II., in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the keeping of it to William de Neville. After this period it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the king, and considered as a royal fortress. The Greys of Chillingham Castle were frequently the castellans, or captains of the garrison; Yet, as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the see of Durham till the Reformation.

According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, Cal. B. 6. 216, a curious memoir of the Daeres on the state of Norham Castle in 1522, not long after the Battle of Flodden. The inner ward,

or keep, is represented as impregnable: "The provisions are three great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, three hogheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows, and four hundred sheep lying under the castle-wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good *Fletcher* (i. e. maker of arrows) was required."—*History of Scotland*, Vol. II. p. 201. Note

The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices, inclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.

NOTE VI.

The donjon keep.—P. 17

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the *donjon* in its proper signification, means the strongest part of a feudal castle; a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall, and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word *dungeon*. Ducange (voces *Dunjo*) conjectures, plausibly, that the name is derived from these keeps being usually built upon a hill, which in Celtic is called *Dun*. Borlase supposes the word came from the darkness of the apartments in these towers, which were thence figuratively called Dungeons; thus deriving the ancient word from the modern application of it.

NOTE VII.

*Well was he armed from head to heel,
In mail, and plate, of Milan steel.*—P. 19

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry: "These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armour, the lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—*Journeys of Froissart*. Vol. IV. p. 397.

NOTE VIII.

*The golden legend bore a right,
Who checks at Marmion, to death is right.*—P. 19

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story. Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, was, among

other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Dalsell, who was, according to my authority Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme—

I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Who so pinches at her, his death is dight*
In graith.†

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers :

I bear a pie picking at a piece,
Who so picks at her, I shall pick at his nose,‡
In faith.

This affront could only be expiated by a joust with sharp lances. In the course, Dalsell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice. In the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalsell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the king two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalsell demanded the forfeit; which, after much altercation, the king appointed to be paid to him, saying he surpassed the English both in wit and valour. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

NOTE IX.

Largesse, largesse.—P. 22

This was the cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights. Stewart of Lorrain distinguishes a ballad, in which he satirises the narrowness of James V. and his courtiers, by the ironical burden—

*Larges, lerges, lerges, hay,
Lerges of this new year day.
First lerges of the king, my chief,
Who came as quiet as a thief,
And in my hand slid—shillings twae!§
To put his lerges to the preit,||
For lerges of this new year day.*

* Prepared.

† Armour.

‡ Nose.

§ Two.

|| Proof.

The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose feats they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions.

At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of importance, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland. This is alluded to in Stanza XXI. p. 5.

NOTE X.

*They hailed Lord Marmion :
They hailed him Lord of Fontenay,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbays,
Of Tamworth tower and town.—P. 21*

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions was held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I., without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Maser, his grand-daughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of coronation, to ride completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the king's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrars: I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

It was one of the Marmion family, who, in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth." The story is thus told by Leland:

"The Scottes came yn to the marches of Englund, and destroyed the Castles of Werk and Herbotel, and overran much of Northumberland marches.

"At this tyme Thomas Gray and his friendes defended Norham from the Scottes.

"It were a wonderfull processe to declare what mischiefs cam by hungre and asseges by the space of xi yeres in Northumberland; for the Scottes became so proud after they had got Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

"About this tyme there was a greate feste made yn Lincolnshir, to which came many gentilmen and ladies; and amonge them one lady brought a heaulme for a man of were, with a very riche creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commandement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and ther to let the heaulme be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither within 4 days of cumming cam Phillip Moubray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottish marches.

"Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham, seynge this, brought his garrison afore the barriers of the castel, behynd whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wering the heaulme, his lady's present.

"Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir knight, ye be cum hither to save your helmet: mount up on yor horse, and ryde lyke a valliant man to yowr foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body dead or alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it.'

"Wherupon he toke his cursive, and rode among the throng of ennemyes; the which layed sore stripes on hym, and pulled him at the last out of his sadel to the grounde.

"Then Thomas Gray, with al the hole garrison, lette prik yn among the Scottes, and so wondid them and their horses, that they were overthrowen: and Marmion, sore beten, was horsid agayn, and, with Gray, persewed the Scottes yn chase. There were taken 50 horse of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foute men to follow the chase."

NOTE XI.

*Sir Hugh the Heron bold
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.—P. 23*

Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William: for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose syren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own castle at Ford. See Sir RICHARD HERON's curious *Genealogy of the Heron Family*.

NOTE XII.

*The whiles a Northern harper rude
Chaunted a rhyme of deadly feud,—*

"How the fierce Thirwalls, and Bidleys all." &c.—P. 23

This old Northumbrian ballad was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners in Alston-moor, by the agent for the lead mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esquire of Mainsforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years; but when she was a girl, it used to be sung at merry-makings, "till the roof rung again." To preserve this curious, though rude rhyme, it is here inserted. The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter, marks that wild and disorderly state of society in which a raider was not merely

a casual circumstance, but, in some cases, an exceedingly good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the "Fray of Suport,"* having the same irregular stanza and wild chorus.

I.

Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
 Ha' ye heard how the Bidleys, and Thirwalls, and a,
 Ha' set upon Albany† Featherstonhaugh,
 And taken his life at the Deadmanshaugh.
 There was Willmotewick,
 And Hardriding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa'
 I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a',
 And mony a mair that the de'il may knaw.

II.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,
 Ran away afore the fight was begun;
 And he run, and he run,
 And afore they were done,
 There was many a Featherstone gat sic a stun,
 As never was seen since the world begun.

III.

I canna' tell a', I canna' tell a';
 Some gat a skelp,‡ and some gat a claw:
 But they gard the Featherstons haud their jaw,—§
 Nicol, and Alick, and a'.
 Some gat a hurt, and some gat nane;
 Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.¶

IV.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig:‡
 Ane gat a bunch* o' the wame:‡‡
 Symy Haw gat lamed of a leg,
 And syne ran wallowing ‡‡ hame.

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright!
 Lay him now wi' his face down:—he's a sorrowful sight
 Janet, thou donot, §§
 I'll lay my best bonnet,
 Thou gets a new gudeman afore it be night.

* See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

† Pronounced *Awbony*.

‡ *Skelp* signifies slap, or rather is the same word which was originally spelled *schlap*.

§ *Hold their jaw*, a vulgar expression still in use.

¶ Got stolen, or were plundered; a very likely termination of the *tray*.

‡ Neck. ** Punch. †† Belly. †† Bellowing.

§§ *Silly slut*. The Border Bard calls her so, because she was weeping for her slain husband; a loss which he seems to think might be soon repaired.

VI.

Hoo away, lads, hoo away,
Wi's a be hangid if we stay.

Tak' up the dead man, and lay him ahint the bigging !
Here's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle,*

That sup'd the broo',—&c.

In explanation of this ancient ditty, Mr. Surtees has furnished me with the following local memorandum: Willimoteswick, now more commonly called Ridley Hall, is situated at the confluence of the Allon and Tyne, and was the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley. Hardriding Dick is not an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard Ridley of Hardriding, the seat of another family of that name, which, in the time of Charles I., was sold on account of expenses incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, the immediate ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Will of the Wa' seems to be William Ridley of Walltown, so called from its situation on the great Roman wall. Thirlwall Castle, whence the clan of Thirlwalls derived their name, is situated on the small river of Tippell, near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been *thirled*, i.e. pierced, or breached, in its vicinity. Featherstone Castle lies south of the Tyne, toward Alston-moor. Albany Featherstonhaugh, the chief of that ancient family, made a figure in the reign of Edward VI. A feud did certainly exist between the Riddles and Featherstones, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates. 24 Oct. 22do Henrici 8vi. *Inquisitio capt. apud Haltwhistle, sup. visum corpus Alexandri Featherston, Gen. apud Grensithaugh, felonice interfecti, 23 Oct. per Nicolaum Ridley de Unthamke, Gen. Hugon Riddle, Nicolaum Riddle, et alios ejusdem nominis.* Nor were the Featherstones without their revenge; for 36to Henrici 8vi, we have—*Ullagatio Nicolai Featherston, ac Thome Nysson, &c. &c. pro homicidio Will. Riddle de Morale.*

NOTE XIII.

*James backed the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton tower.—P. 26*

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard Duke of York, is well known. In 1496, he was received honourably in Scotland; and James IV., after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catharine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Ayton. Ford, in his Dramatic Chronicles of Perkin Warbeck, makes the most of this inroad:—

* The Balliff of Haltwhistle seems to have arrived when the fray was over. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic irreverence by the moss-trooping poet.

SURVEY. Are all our braving enemies shrunk back :
 Hid in the foggies of their distempered climate ;
 Not daring to behold our colours wave
 In spite of this infected ayre ? Can they
 Look on the strength of Coundrestine defac't ;
 The glorie of Heydonhall devastated ; that
 Of Edington cast downe ; the pile of Fuhlen
 Orethrowne ; And this, the strongest of their forts
 Old Ayton Castle, yeelded, and demolished,
 And yet not peepe abroad ? The Scots are bold,
 Hardie in battayle, but it seemes the cause
 They undertake considered, appeares
 Unjoynted in the frame on't.

NOTE XIV

*For here be some have pricked as far,
 On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar ;
 Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
 And driven the bees of Lauderdale,
 Harried the wines of Greenlaw's goods,
 And given them light to set their hoods.—P 26*

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Bewick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland. Sir Richard Maitland of Ledington wrote a poem, called "The Blind Baron's Comfort ;" when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was *harried* by Rowland Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poetical knight of 5000 sheep, 200 nolt, 30 horses and mares ; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots (L. 8. 6s. 8d.) and every thing else that was portable. "This spoil was committed the 16th day of May 1570, (and the said Sir Richard was threescore and fourteen years of age, and grown blind,) in time of peace : when nane of that country *Uppened* (expected) such a thing."—"The Blind Baron's Comfort" consists in a string of puns on the word *Blythe*, the name of the lands thus despoiled. Like John Littlewit, he had "a conceit left him in his misery—a miserable conceit."

The last line of the text contains a phrase, by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning of a house. When the Maxwells, in 1685, burned the castle of Lochwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnston "light to set her hood ;" Nor was the phrase inapplicable ; for, in a letter, to which I have mislaid the reference, the Earl of Northumberland writes to the king and council, that he dressed himself, at midnight, at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighbouring villages burned by the Scottish marauders.

NOTE XV.

*And of that Grot where Olives nod,
 Where darling of each heart and eye,
 From all the youth of Sicily,
 Satst Rosalie retired to God.—P 28*

"Sante Rosalia was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family and, when very young, abhorred so much the vanities of this world,

and avoided the converse of mankind, resolving to dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, that she, by divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of, till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, in that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built: and they affirm she was carried up there by the hands of angels; for that place was not formerly so accessible (as now it is) in the days of the Saint; and even now it is a very bad, and steepy, and break-neck way. In this frightful place, this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what she found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping into a narrow and dreadful cleft in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement as well as prayer; having worn out even the rock with her knees, in a certain place, which is now open'd on purpose to show it to those who came here. This chapel is very richly adorn'd; and on the spot where the Saint's dead body was discovered, which is just beneath the hole in the rock, which is opened on purpose, as I said, there is a very fine statue of marble, representing her in a lying posture, railed in all about with fine iron and brass work; and the altar, on which they say mass, is built just over it.—*Voyage to Sicily and Malta*, by Mr. John Dryden, (son to the poet,) p. 197.

NOTE XVI.

*Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have marked ten aves, and two creeds.*—P. 30

Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and breviary, as well as his namesake in Rabelais. "But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers: Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep. The conceit pleased Gargantua very well; and, beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to *Beati quorum*, they fell asleep, both the one and the other."

NOTE XVII.

The summoned Palmer came in place;

*In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought.*—P. 30

A Palmer, opposed to a Pilgrim, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity; whereas the Pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The Palmers seem to have been the *Questionarii* of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1296. There is, in the Bannatyne MS., a burlesque account of two such persons, entitled, "Simmy and his Brother." Their adventures are thus ludicrously described, (I discard the ancient spelling.)

*Syne shaped them up to loup on leas,
Two tabards of the tartan;
They counted nought what their clouts were
When sew'd them on, in certain*

Notes to Canto Second.

NOTE I.

——— *Yarrow,*

Where erst the Outlaw drew his arrow.—P. 34

The tale of the outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Ettrick Forest against the king, may be found in the "Border Minstrelsy." In the Macfarlane MS., among other causes of James the Fifth's charter to the burgh, is mentioned, that the citizens assisted him to suppress this dangerous outlaw.

NOTE II.

Lone Saint Mary's silver lake.—P. 37

This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:

The swans on sweet St. Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow.

Near the lower extremity of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lillias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweedside," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honour.

NOTE III.

*For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid our Lady's chapel low.—P. 38*

The chapel of Saint Mary of the Lowes (*de lacubus*) was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns; but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial-ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the tower of Dryhope, mentioned in the preceding note.

NOTE IV.

——— *the wizard's grave.*
That wizard priest's, whose bones are thrust,
From company of holy dust.—P. 38

At one corner of the burial-ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Binram's corse*, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in the "Monk," and has been made the theme of a ballad, by my friend Mr. James Hogg, more poetically designed the *Etricke Shepherd*. To his volume, entitled the "Mountain Bard," which contains this, and many other legendary stories and ballads of great merit, I refer the curious reader.

NOTE V.

Dark Loch-skene.—P. 39

A mountain-lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the "Grey Mare's Tail." The "Giant's Grave," afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery designed to command the pass.

NOTE VI.

*Where from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
 Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle.—P. 41*

The Abbey of Whitby, in the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A.D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Osway, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are very magnificent.

Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his "patrimony" upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have

been wasted, as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about two miles distant.

NOTE VII.

*Then Whitby's nuns, exulting, told,
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial service do.—P. 47*

The popular account of this curious service, which was probably considerably exaggerated, is thus given in "A True Account," printed and circulated at Whitby: "In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., after the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the lord of Ugiebarnby, then called William de Bruce; the lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freeholder called Ailston, did, on the 16th of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood, or desert place, belonging to the abbot of Whitby: the place's name was Eskdale-side, and the abbot's name was Sedman. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before mentioned, and there having found a great wild-boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The boar being very sorely pursued, and dead-run, took in at the chapel-door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being put behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door, and came forth; and within they found the boar lying dead: for which the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough: But at that time the abbot being in very great favour with the king, removed them out of the sanctuary; whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged, but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came; and the hermit being very sick and weak, said unto them, 'I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me. The abbot answered, 'They shall as surely die for the same.' But the hermit answered, 'Not so; for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the penance I shall lay on them for the safe guard of their souls.' The gentlemen being present, bade him save their lives. Then said the hermit: 'You and yours shall hold your lands of the abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner. That, upon Ascension-day, you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of the Stray-heads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sun-rising, and there shall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him; and he shall deliver unto

you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven strout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some of you, with a knife of one penny price; and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty-one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid; and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock the same day before mentioned. At the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and service shall cease; and, if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers; and so stake on each side with your strout stowers, that they may stand three tides, without removing by the force thereof. Each of you shall do, make, and execute the said service, at that very hour every year, except it be full sea at that hour; but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, *Out on you! Out on you! Out on you!* for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you, or yours, shall forfeit your lands to the abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I entreat, and earnestly beg, that you may have lives and goods preserved for this service; and I request of you to promise, by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you, and your successors, as is aforesaid requested; and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man.' Then the hermit said

My soul longeth for the Lord: and I do as freely forgive these men my death, as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross.' And, in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words: *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemptus me, Domine veritatis. Amen.* So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, anno Domini 1159, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

"This service," it is added, "still continues to be performed with the prescribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors in person. Part of the lands charged therewith are now held by a gentlemen of the name of Herbert."

NOTE VIII.

The lovely Edelfled.—P. 48

She was the daughter of King Osway, who, in gratitude to heaven for the great victory which he won in 655, against Penda, the pagan king of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence.

NOTE IX.

— of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone.
When holy Hilda prayed.
— have sea-forks' poisonous fang,
As over Whitby's towers they sail.—P. 48

These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda. The reliques of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists *Ammonites*.

The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: "It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts: a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from several credible men. But those who are less inclined to heed superstition, attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is between wolves and scylla-roots: For that such hidden tendencies and aversions, as we call sympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident nature for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident, that everybody grants it." Mr. Charlton, in his History of Whitby, points out the true origin of the fable, from the number of sea-gulls, that, when flying from a storm, often alight near Whitby; and from the woodcocks and other birds of passage who do the same upon their arrival on shore after a long flight.

NOTE X.

*His body's resting-place of old,
How of their patron changed, they told.*—P. 48

St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. He died A.D. 686 in a hermitage upon the Farne islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 763, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland, with what they deemed their chief treasure, the reliques of St. Cuthbert. The saint was, however, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithorn, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham: thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tillmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam. It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tillmouth. From Tillmouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-street, to which the bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a season; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-street that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and his co-

riage became immoveable at a place named Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. Here the saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it. It is said that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint's sepulture, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room a person judged fit to be the depositary of so valuable a secret.

NOTE XI.

*Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir, &c.
Before his standard led.—P. 49*

Every one has heard, that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland, in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert: to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Outon-moor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army; among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath-Clyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud. See CHALMERS'S *Caledonia*, p. 692; a most laborious, curious, and interesting publication, from which considerable defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the Scottish antiquary.

NOTE XII.

*'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turned the Conqueror back again.—P. 49*

Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find in Simeon of Durham, that the Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies: a consolation which, as was reasonable, Alfred after the victory of Ashendown, rewarded by a royal offering at the shrine of the Saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1066, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the North; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror, that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel, (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance,) and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees.

NOTE XIII.

*St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.—P. 49*

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death he has acquired the reputation of forging those *Entrochi* which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days: at least the Saint's legend contains some not more probable.

NOTE XIV.

Old Colwulf.—P. 50

Colwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his "Ecclesiastical History." He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance-vault does not correspond with his character; for it is recorded among his *memorabilia*, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objection, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended by the founder for the more general purposes of a cellar.

These penitential-vaults were the *Geissel-gewölbe* of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment.

NOTE XV.

Tynemouth's haughty prioress.—P. 51

That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth, is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made at the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery, for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin: But, as in the case of Whithy, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth, in the reign of Henry VIII., is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the abbess of Coldingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played to him by an Irish princess, he, after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine.

NOTE XVI.

*On these the wall was to enclose
 Alive, within the tomb.—P. 54*

It is well known, that the religious who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *VADIT IN PACEM*, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that in later times this punishment was often resorted to; but, among the ruins of the abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which from the shape of the niche, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun.

Notes to Canto Third.

NOTE I.

The village inn.—P. 67

The accommodations of a Scottish hostelry, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of "The Friars of Berwick." Simon Lawder, "the gay ostleir," seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bourdeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was no for want of encouragement from the legislature; who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted, that in all boroughs and fairs there be hostellaries, having stables and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but, by another statute, ordained, that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge any where except in these hostellaries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality.* But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

NOTE II.

The death of a dear friend.—P. 72

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the "dead bell," explained, by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease. He tells a story to the purpose in the "Mountain Bard," p. 26.

NOTE III.

The Goblin hall.—P. 75

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford, or Yester, (for it
 * James I. Parliament I. cap. 24; Parliament III. cap. 54

bears either name indifferently,) the construction of which has, from a very remote period, been ascribed to magic. The Statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Baro, gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment:—"Upon a peninsula formed by the water of Hopes on the east, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient castle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his Annals, relates, that 'Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1267; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern formed by magical art and called in the country Bo-hall, *i. e.* Hobgoblin Hall.' A stair of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is a large and spacious hall, with an arched roof; and though it hath stood for as many centuries, and been exposed to the external air for a period of fifty or sixty years it is still as firm and entire as if it had only stood a few years. From the floor of this hall, another stair of thirty-six steps leads down to a pit which hath a communication with Hopes-water. A great part of the walls of this large and ancient castle are still standing. There is a tradition that the castle of Yester was the last fortification in this country that surrendered to General Gray, sent into Scotland by Protector Somerset." *Statistical Account*, Vol. XIII. I have only to add, that, in 1737, the Goblin Hall was tenanted by the Marquis of Tweeddale's falconer, as I learn from a poem by Boyse, entitled "Retirement," written upon visiting Yester. It is now rendered inaccessible by the fall of the stair.

Sir David Dalrymple's authority for the anecdote is Fordun, whose words are—"A. D. MCLXVII, Hugo Giffard de Yester moritur; cujus castrum, vel saltem caverna, et dongionem, arte daemionica antiquas relationes ferunt fabrifactas: nam ibidem habetur mirabilis specus subterraneus, opere mirifico constructus, magno terrarum spatio pre-fectus, qui communiter Bo-Hall appellatus est." Lib. X. cap. XL.—Sir David conjectures, that Hugh de Gifford must have been either a very wise man, or a great oppressor.

NOTE IV.

*There floated Haco's banner trim,
Above Norwegian warriors grim.*—P. 76

In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Firth of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2d October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many barrows, some of which having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns.

NOTE V.

Upon his breast a pentacle.—P. 76

"A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with character. This the magician extends towards the spirits which he evokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic.

Notes to Canto Fourth.

NOTE I.

*Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain.*—P. 86

I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel.

NOTE II.

Scarce had lamented Forbes paid, &c.—P. 87

Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "*Life of Beattie*," whom he befriended and patronised in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published, before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

NOTE III.

Friar Rush.—P. 92

This personage is a strolling demon, or *esprit follet*, who, once upon a time, got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow, and Jack o' Lantern. It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks,—

She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by *friar's lantern* led.

"The History of Friar Rush" is of extreme rarity, and, for some time, even the existence of such a book was doubted, although it is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scott, in his "*Discovery of Witchcraft*." I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr. Heber; and I observe, from Mr. Beloe's "*Anecdotes of Literature*," that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

NOTE IV.

Crichton Castle.—P. 96

A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about seven miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times, and with a very different regard to splendour and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it, that there is now a large court-yard

surrounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures, bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length, and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twining cordage and rosettes: and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion; but the present state of the ruins shows the contrary. In 1483, it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred by seducing his sister Margaret, in revenge it is said, for the monarch having dishonoured his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earls Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleugh. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Callander, Baronet. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering cattle; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a Jungeon vault, called the *Mussy More*. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. It occurs twice in the "*Epistola Itineraria*" of Tollus: "*Carcer subterraneus, sive, ut Mauri appellant Mazmorras*," p. 147; and again, "*Coguntur omnes Captivi sub noctem in ergastula subterranea, quæ Turcæ Alyzerani vocant Mazmorras*," p. 243. The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived.

NOTE V.

Earl Adam Hepburn.—P. 98

He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he distinguished himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day:—

Then on the Scottish part, right proud,
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,
And stepping forth, with stomach good,
Into the enemies' throng he thrast;
And *Bothwell! Bothwell!* cried bold,
To cause his soldiers to ensue.
But there he caught a welcome cold,
The Englishmen straight down him threw.
Flodden Field.

Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in the history of Queen Mary.

NOTE VI.

The wild buck bells.—P. 99

I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of *bellow*. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wandcliffe Forrest, for the pleasure, (as an ancient inscription testifies) of "listening to the hart's bell."

NOTE VII.

June saw his father's overthrow.—P. 99

The rebellion against James III. was signalised by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the king saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. See a following note on Canto V. The battle of Sauchieburn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June, 1488.

NOTE VIII.

Spread all the Borough-Moor below, &c.—P. 105

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber; which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough-Moor was, according to Hawthornden, "a field, spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Bruntsfield-links. The Hare Stone probably derives its name from the British word *Har*, signifying an army.

NOTE IX.

Over the pavilions flew.—P. 107

I do not exactly know the Scottish mode of encampment in 1588, but Patten gives a curious description of that which he saw after the

battle of Pinkie, in 1547:—"Here now to say somewhat of the manner of their camp: As they had no pavilions, or round houses, of any commendable compass, so wear there few other tentes with posts, as the used manner of making is; and of these few also, none of above twenty foot length, but most far under: for the most part all very sumptuously beset, (after their fashion,) for the love of France, with fleur-de-lys, some of blue buckram, some of black, and some of some other colours. These white ridges, as I call them, that, as we stood on Fauxsye Bray, did make so great muster toward us, which I did take them to be a number of tentes, when we came, we found it a linnen drapery, of the coarser cambryk in dede, for it was all of canvas sheets, and wear the tenticles, or rather cabayns and couches of their soldiers; the which, (much after the common building of their country beside) had they framed of four sticks, about an ell long a piece, whereof two fastened together at one end aloft, and the two ends beneath stuck in the ground, an ell asunder, standing in fashion like the bowes of a sowes yoke: over two such bowes (one, as it were, at their head, the other at their feet,) they stretched a sheet down on both sides, whereby their cabin became roofed like a ridge, but skant shut at both ends, and not very close beneath on the sides, unless their sticks were the shorter, or their wives the more liberal to lend them larger napery; howbeit, when they had lined them, and stuffed them so thick with straw, with the weather as it was not very cold, when they wear once couched, they were as warm as they had been wrapt in horses dung."—PATTEN'S *Account of Somerset's Expedition*.

NOTE X.

—In proud Scotland's royal shield
The ruddy lion ramped in gold.—P. 107

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchanan, the double treasure round the shield, mentioned p. 21 counter fleur-de-lis or, ungued and armed azure, was first assumed by Achalus, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy or Achy little better than a sort of King of Brentford, whom old Grig, (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus,) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the north-eastern coast of Scotland.

Notes to Canto Fifth.

NOTE L

Caladonia's Queen is changed.—P. 112

The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall have been pulled down in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. Mr Thomas Campbell proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the "Queen of the North" has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction.

NOTE II.

Flinging by white arms to the sea.—P. 112

Since writing this line, I find I have inadvertently borrowed it almost verbatim, though with somewhat a different meaning, from a chorus in "Caractacus":—

Britain heard the descant bold,
She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
The freight of harmony.

NOTE III.

*Since first when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose.*—P. 114

Henry VI., with his queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton. In this note a doubt was formerly expressed, whether Henry VI. came to Edinburgh, though his queen certainly did; Mr Pinkerton inclining to believe that he remained at Kircudbright. But my noble friend Lord Napier has pointed out to me a grant by Henry, of an annuity of forty marks to his lordship's ancestor, John Napier, subscribed by the King himself, at *Edinburgh*, the 23th day of August, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, which corresponds to the year of God 1461. The grant, Douglas, with his usual neglect of accuracy, dates in 1324. But this error being corrected from the copy in Macfarlane's MSS. pp. 119, 120, removes all scepticism on the subject of Henry VI. being really at Edinburgh. John Napier was son and heir of Sir Alexander Napier, and about this time was Provost of Edinburgh. The hospitable reception of the distressed monarch and his family, called forth on Scotland the encomium of Molinet, a contemporary poet. The English people, he says:—

Ung nouveau roy creurent,
Par despitieux vouloir,
Le vieil en debouterent,
Et son legitime heir,
Qui fuytyf alla prendre
D'Escosse le garand,
De tous siecles le mendre,
Et le plus tollerant.

RECUEIL DES AVENTURES.

NOTE IV

——— *the romantic strain,
Whose Anglo-Norman strains whilers
Could win the Second Henry's ear.*—P. 115

Mr Ellis, in his valuable introduction to the "Specimens of Romance," has proved, by the concurring testimony of La Buvalliere, Tressan, but especially the Abbe de la Rue, that the courts of our Anglo-Norman kings, rather than those of the French monarchs, produced the birth of romance literature. Marie, soon after mentioned, compiled from Armorican originals, and translated into Norman French, or romance language the twelve curious Lays, of which

Mr Ellis has given us a *precis* in the Appendix to his Introduction. The story of Blondel, the famous and faithful minstrel of Richard I., needs no commentary.

NOTE V.

*He saw the hardy burghers there,
March armed, on foot with faces bare.*—P. 118

The Scottish burghesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth L.100; their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats*, i. e. bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV., their *weapon-schawings* are appointed to be held four times a-year, under the aldermen or balliffs.

NOTE VI.

On foot the yeoman too.—P. 118

Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armour was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine; and their missile weapons, cross-bows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten; and a voluminous handkerchief round their neck, "not for cold, but for cutting." The mace also was much used in the Scottish army: The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band—

Who manfully did meet their foes
With leaden mauls, and lances long.

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few, knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot.

NOTE VII.

A banquet rich, and costly wines.—P. 121

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was an uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory preface was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on embassy to Scotland in 1539-40, mentions, with complacency, "the same night came Rothesay (the herald so called) to me again and brought me wine from the king, both white and red.—*Chifford's Edition*, p. 33.

NOTE VIII.

Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway.—P. 124

It has been already noticed that King James's acquaintance with

Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the king's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of "The Genealogy of the Heron Family" endeavours, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal: that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey, is certain. See *PINKERTON'S History*, and the authorities he refers to, Vol. II. p. 90. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother the bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fasto castle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband.

NOTE IX.

*For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a Turquoise ring and glove,
And charged him as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance.—P. 124*

"As the Queen of France wrote a love-letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, shewing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for the defending of his honour. She believed surely that he would recompense her again with some of his kingly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three foot of ground on English ground for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses." *PRÆCOTT, p. 120.* A Turquoise ring: probably this fatal gift is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London.

NOTE X.

*Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal lord.—P. 128*

Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the king said to him, with scorn and indignation, "if he was afraid he might go home." The earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons George, master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the Beal of Flodden.

NOTE XI.

Then rest you in Tantallon Hold.—P. 129

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock, projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The

building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The king went in person against it, and for its reduction, borrowed from the castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pitcautle informs us with laudable minuteness, were "Thrawn-mouth'd Mow and her Marrow;" also "two great botocards and two moyan, two double falcons, and four quarter-falcons;" for the safe guiding and re-delivery of which, three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Sir Simon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI. He says that though this place was poorly furnished, it was of such strength as might warrant him against the malice of his enemies, and that he now thought himself out of danger.

There is a military tradition, that the old Scotch March was meant to express the words—

Ding down Tantallon,
Mak a brig to the Bass.

Tantallon was at length "dung down" and ruined by the Covenanters; its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favourite of the royal cause. The castle and barony were sold in the beginning of the eighteenth century to President Dalrymple of North Berwick, by the then Marquis of Douglas.

NOTE XII.

Their motto on his blade.—P 129

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed between them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land. The following lines (the first couplet of which is quoted by Godscroft as a popular saying in his time) are inscribed around the emblem:—

So many guid as of ye Douglas beinge,
Of ane surname was ne'er in Scotland seene,
I will ye charge, efter yat I depart,
To holy grawe, and thair bury my hart,
Let it remane ever BOTH IN TYME AND IN WYME,
To ye last day I sle my Saviour.
I do protest in tyme of all my ringe,
Ye like subject had never ony king.

This curious and valuable relique was nearly lost during the civil war of 1745-6, being carried away from Douglas Castle by some of those in arms for Prince Charles. But great interest having been made by the Duke of Douglas among the chief partizans of Stuart, it was at length restored. It resembles a Highland claymore, of the usual size, is of an excellent temper, and admirably poised.

NOTE XIII.

Martin Swart.—P. 133

The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor. There were songs about him long current in England.—See Dissertation prefixed to *Ritson's Ancient Songs*, 1792, p. lxi.

NOTE XIV.

*Perchance one form was unobserved,
Perchance in point of faith he swerved.—P. 134*

It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment being enunciated in the trial by duel, to find salves for the strange and obviously precarious chances of the combat. Various curious evasive shifts, used by those who took up an unrighteous quarrel, were supposed sufficient to convert it into a just one. Thus, in the romance of "Amys and Amellion," the one brother-in-arms, fighting for the other, disguised in his armour, swears that he did not commit the crime of which the Steward, his antagonist, truly, though maliciously accused him whom he represented. Brantome tells a story of an Italian who entered the lists upon an unjust quarrel, but, to make his cause good, fled from his enemy at the first onset. "Turn, coward!" exclaimed his antagonist. "Thou liest, said the Italian; 'coward am I none; and in this quarrel will I fight to the death, but my first cause of combat was unjust, and I abandon it.'" "Je vous laisse a penser," adds Brantome, "s'il ny a pas de l'abus la." Elsewhere he says very sensibly, upon the confidence which those who had a righteous cause entertained of victory. "Un autre abus y avoit-il, que ceux qui avoient un juste sujet de querelle, et qu'on les faisoit jurer avant d'entrer au camp, pensoient estre nuistost vainqueurs, voire s'en assuroient-ils du tout, mesmes que leurs en confesseurs, parrains et confidants leurs en respondoient tout-a-fait comme si Dieu leur en eust donne une patente; et ne regardant point a d'autres fautes passees et qui Dieu en garde la punition a ce coup la pour plus grande, despitueuse, et exemplaire."—*Discours sur les Duels.*

NOTE XV.

Dun-Edin's cross.—P. 136

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions or rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the

proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved at the house of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session (*proh pudor!*) destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the street; while on the one hand, they left an ugly mass, called the Luckenbooths, and on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament: and its site, marked by a rail, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.

Notes to Canto Sixth.

NOTE I.

the savage Dane

At lo! more deep the mead did drain.—P. 146

The *lo!* of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland,) was solemnized with great festivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each another with bones; and Torfæus tells a long and curious story, in the history of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with those missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable entrenchment against those who continued the raillery. The dances of the northern warriors round the great fires of pine trees are commemorated by Olaus Magnus, who says, they danced with such fury, holding each other by the hands, that if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly plucked out, and obliged to quaff off a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for "spoiling the king's fire."

NOTE II.

On Christmas eve the mass was sung.—P. 147

In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night except on Christmas eve. Each of the frolics with which that holiday used to be celebrated might admit of a long and curious note; but I shall content myself with the following description of Christmas, and his attributes, as personified in one of Ben Johnson's masques for the court:

"Enter CHRISTMAS, with two or three of the guard. He is attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high crowned hat, with a brach, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruff, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him."

"The names of his children, with their attires.

"*Miss Rule*, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow

ruff, like a reveller : his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket.

" *Carroll*, a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle his torch-bearer carrying a song-book open.

" *Mine's Pie*, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat, her man carrying : pie, dish, and spoons.

" *Gamboll*, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells, his torch-bearer armed with cole-staff and blinding-cloth.

" *Post and Pair*, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat, his garment all done over with pairs and purs ; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters.

" *New-year's-gift*, in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of broaches, with a collar of gingerbread ; his torch-bearer carrying a march-pain, with a bottle of wine on either arm.

" *Mumming*, in a masquing pied suit with a visor ; his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it.

" *Wasall*, like a neat sempster and songster ; her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribbands, and rosemary, before her.

" *Offering*, in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand ; a wyth borne before him, and a bason by his torch-bearer.

" *Baby Cocke*, drest like a boy, in a fine long coat, biggin, bib, muckender, and a little dagger ; his usher bearing a grent cake, with a bean and a pease."

NOTE III.

*Where my great-grandfairs came of old,
With amber beard and flaxen hair.*—P. 148

Mr. Scott of Harden, my kind and affectionate friend, and distant relation, has the original of a poetical invitation, addressed from his grandfather to my relative, from which a few lines in the text are imitated. They are dated, as the epistle in the text, from Mortoun-house, the seat of the Harden family.

" With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
Free of anxiety and cure,
Come hither, Christmas-day, and dine;
We'll mix sobriety with wine,
And easy mirth with thoughts divine.
We Christians think it holiday,
On it no sin to feast or play ;
Others, in spite, may fast and pray.
No superstition in the use
Our ancestors made of a goose ;
Why may not we, as well as they,
Be innocently blithe that day,
On goose or pye, on wine or ale,
And scorn enthusiastic zeal ?—
Pray come, and welcome, or plague rott
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott."

Mr. Walter Scott, Lessudden.

The venerable old gentleman to whom the lines are addressed,
was the younger brother of William Scott of Reburn. Being the

cadet of a cadet of the Harden family, he had very little to lose; yet he contrived to lose the small property he had, by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the house of Stuart. His veneration to the exiled family was so great, that he swore he would not shave his beard till they were restored: a mark of attachment, which, I suppose, had been common during Cromwell's usurpation: for, in Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman Street," one drunken cavalier upbraids another, that, when he was not able to afford to pay a barber, he affected to "wear a beard for the king." I sincerely hope this was not absolutely the original reason of my ancestor's beard; which, as appears from a portrait in the possession of Sir Henry Hay Macdougall, Bart. and another painted for the famous Dr. Pitcairn,* was a beard of a most dignified and venerable appearance.

NOTE IV.

The Highlander —————

*Will on a Friday morn look pale,
If asked to tell a fairy tale.—P. 150*

The *Daoine shì* or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Duergar*, than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended with mortals who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is particularly to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the popular superstitions of the Highlanders, may be found in Dr. Graham's *Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire*.

NOTE V.

————— *The towers of Franchemont.*—P. 150

The journal of the friend, to whom the Fourth Canto of the poem is inscribed, furnished me with the following account of a striking superstition.

"Passed the pretty little village of Franchemont (near Spaw,) with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the Counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitious legends. It is firmly believed by the neighbouring peasantry, that the last Baron of Franchemont deposited, in one of the vaults of the castle, a ponderous chest, containing an immense treasure in gold and silver which, by some magic spell, was entrusted to the care of the devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the shape of a huntsman. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest, is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion, a priest of noted piety was brought to the vault, he used all the arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate the seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immovable.

At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him, that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the devil. Yet if any body can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly desamp. I had many stories of a similar nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the devil in the shape of a great cat."

NOTE VI.

----- *The huge and sweeping brand,
That wont of yore in battle fray
His foeman's limbs to lop away,
As woodknife shreds the sapling spray.*—P. 162

Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilspindie, a favourite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thigh bone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James' pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle of Hermitage in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow, was presented by his descendant, James Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindsey of the Pyres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry-hill.—See Introduction to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

NOTE VII.

*And hopes thou hence uncalled to go
No, by St. Bryde of Bothwell, no.
Up draw-bridge grooms,—what, Walsley, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.*—P. 165

This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its example in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chiefs thus possessed the ferocity with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Maclellan, tutor of Bomby, who, having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thrieve, on the borders of Kircudbrightshire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James II.'s guard, was uncle to the tutor of Bomby, and obtained from the King a "sweet letter of supplication," praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honour due to a favourite servant of the king's household, but while he was at dinner, the earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the king's letter to the Earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence; "and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and shewed him the manner, and said, Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head; take his body, and do with it what you will. Sir Patrick answered again with a sore heart, and

"Id, My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispoñe upon the l-ety as you please; and with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon, and when he was on horseback, he said to the Earl in this manner, My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labours, that you have used at this time, according to your demerits.

"At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh, ere they left him; and had it not been his least horse was so tried and good, he had been taken."—*Pittcorrie's History*, p. 30.

NOTE VIII.

———*Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.*—P. 172

Sir Brian Tunstall, called, in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undeñled, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I might safely refer my reader. Tunstall perhaps derived his epithet of *undeñled* from his white armour and banner, the latter bearing a white cock about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle.

NOTE IX.

———*fanatic Brook*
The fair cathedral stormed and took.—P. 182

This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the king, took place in the great civil war. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the visor of his helmet. The royalists remarked, that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's Cathedral, and upon St. Chad's day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this, and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers.



